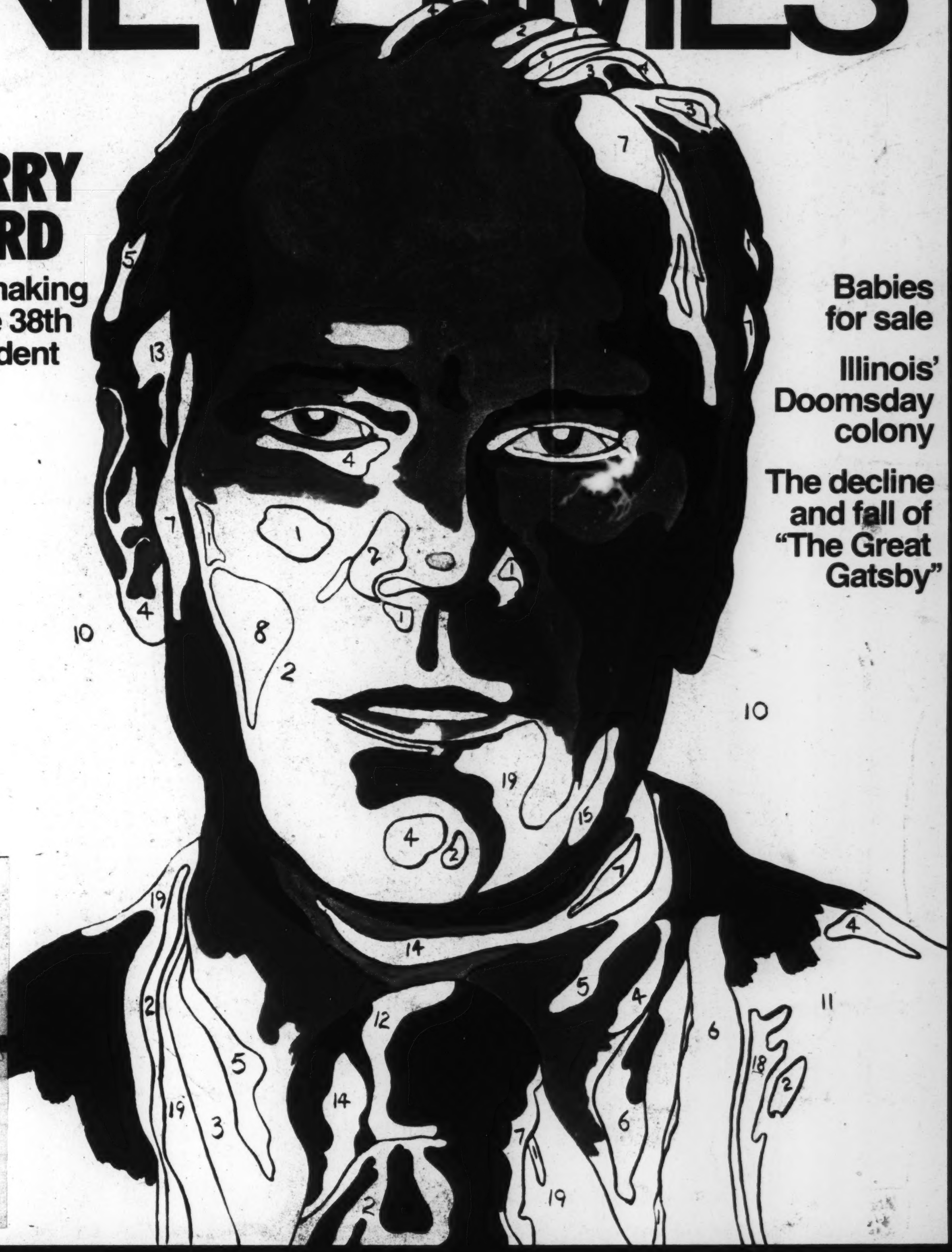
JUNE 14, 1974/60 CENTS

THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES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JERRY FORD

The making of the 38th President

Babies for sale

Illinois' Doomsday colony

The decline and fall of "The Great Gatsby"

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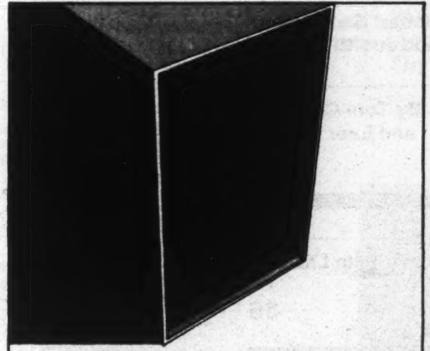

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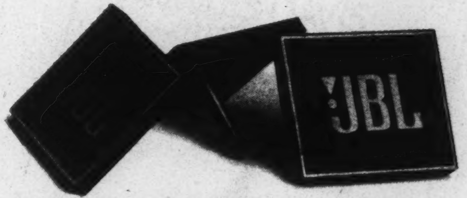

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14
12
5
14
5
7
2
19

14

36

NEW TIMES June 14, 1974, Volume 2, Number 12

TOP OF THE NEWS

Portrait of the next president as a young man *Jerry Ford was a very headstrong little boy* **By Terence Sheridan** 14

Babies for sale *Abortion, the pill and uncooperative foster homes have created a black market for adoptable babies—with prices ranging as high as $25,000 a head* **By Robert Sam Anson and Judith Clifford** 26

The Bloomington connection *This Indiana town hardly seems to be a spawning ground for terrorists, so why did three SLA members come from here?* **By Tom Cochrun and Laer Pearce** 32

THESE ARE NEW TIMES:

The eyes have it *If this remarkable new technique is borne out, psychologists—and anyone else—will be able to tell what you're thinking merely by looking into your eyes* **By William Lazarus** 36

LOCAL COLOR:

Side Trips *Last chance for Atlantic City,* **by Joe Sharkey;** *Remember rubbers?* **by Peter Ross Range** 40

Doomsdayville, U.S.A. *Waiting for the end of the world doesn't have to be depressing. For the enterprising folks of Stelle, Illinois, who are convinced the Apocalypse will come in 26 years, it's business as usual* **By Roger Simon** 42

THE ARTS:

The decline and fall of "Gatsby" *Gone is the supersell that was so divine* **By Paul Gardner** 48

Behind the scenes at NEW TIMES page 4
LETTERS page 5
SLOW DOWN page 6
THE WORD page 8
THE INSIDER page 11

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Audit Bureau of Circulations Application submitted.

REVIEWS:

Movies: *Going Places* page 58
TV: fall lineups page 62
Books: Lenny Bruce page 63
Music: the Kinks page 64

FINAL TRIBUTE:

Duke Ellington—a sleepless life devoted entirely to art **By Gary Giddins** page 68

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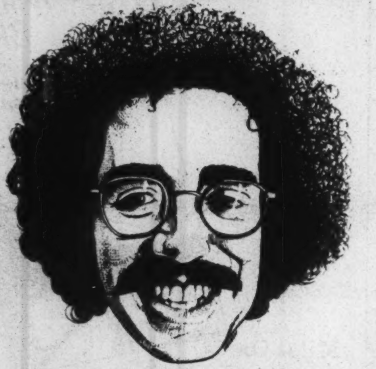


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

Back in April, when streaking was at its height, *NEW TIMES* asked James S. Kunen to turn his searching eyes to this mostly collegiate phenomenon and tell us what it meant. It probably meant, he concluded in the April 5 issue, that streaking is "just another of the little bursts of sanity traditional in the spring." But he dug in anyway and came up with such milestones in the history of nudity as the live Louis Abolafia, who stood for election to the presidency in the buff. Kunen is good at finding that sort of thing. He is also good at seeing what it is he wants to write about, primarily because he *is* what he does. From his involvement in the student revolution at Columbia University (Kunen calls it "the Student Hoedown"), he wrote a book, *The Strawberry Statement*, which made him famous for a while after its publication in '69.

Because he deals deftly with the issues and problems of today from the very solid base of personal involvement, *NEW TIMES* asked Kunen, age 26, to write a regular column for the magazine. You'll be seeing it in each issue (for the first column, see page 6). Because Kunen can write about Kunen better than anyone else, we asked him to interview himself for this column. Here's what he says:

Q: How did you get into writing?

A: After I was arrested in the Hoedown at Columbia, a friend on the *Harvard Crimson* asked me to write an article on it for him. *New York* bought it, and Random House asked for an expansion into a book. I signed on the dotted line and had two months to hand it in. Since I didn't want to leave it all till the last night, I wrote a little every day. At a loss for how to organize it, I let it lay and called it a diary.

Q: Do you find your fame has attracted women?

A: Well, that is just like life. That is life to a *T*. Because when I used to be a real hot shit—on TV every time you turned it on—girls were very interested but I was married . . . to a girl who saw me on TV and called me up. Now that I'm not married anymore, I'm also not as hot an item as I used to be. Also, when I was a child star I was modest and would never draw attention to "who" I was.

Q: What qualifies you for punditry?

A: I am a professional nonprofessional. You come to me for the naive view. I've assiduously avoided accumulating any expertise in any area. I take the basic Swiftian traveler-from-a-far-off-land approach; learned that in school. Don't know how long I can keep it up, though. I'm getting smarter all the time through my writing experiences.

Q: Do you watch youth today?

A: What's to watch?

Q: What was *The Strawberry Statement* about?

A: Acting.

Q: Is sex dead? Is sex funny? Is sex serious?

A: Not for me.

Q: What's the overriding issue of the day?

A: Can Americans get in touch with reality.

Q: Where's Mark Rudd?

A: Out of power.

Q: Who are you?

A: I'm a lysergic Buddhist. A world explorer. A cosmic explorer. I suspect it has something to do with having taken acid in my formative years. I poke around. It's great. I ask people questions. They answer, too. I live for a living. I'm naked man. I'm a sort of data processer. Information flows into me, I rearrange it and it flows out to people. I'm a certain kind of circuit.

Q: Anything else? Yeah. Can you ever tell what an editor wants?

A: Well, I'm spreading out, getting away from me as the center of the universe, but you know, one time an editor handed me back a piece and said, "Re-do it. It doesn't sound enough like you."

And, so it goes.

George A, Hirsch

LETTERS

From muck to Mencken

Congratulations to Nina Totenberg on her insightful and engaging polemic, "The ten dumbest congressmen," which appeared in the May 17 issue. Ms. Totenberg's lucid commentary and penetrating analysis represents the best in "advocacy" journalism. Indeed, her special brand of hard-hitting investigative reporting is mildly reminiscent of the muckraking genius of H.L. Mencken. If the "terrible ten" are as inane, obtuse and vacuous as suggested, then what does that make those of us who have elected and reelected them for the past 30 years?

Professor Jeffrey Elliot
Carnegie-Mellon University
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

If the portrait of Rep. Vigorito in Totenberg's "The ten dumbest congressmen" (May 17) is a good indication, then you have the distinction of headlining the most maliciously shoddy piece of "reporting" I've ever encountered.

The single example she offers for his "stupidity" is a reasonable statement about the extraordinary number of issues on which a congressman must vote—taken absurdly out of context and stated as his "primary concern." As a reporter who has had many interviews with Mr. Vigorito, I've never heard him say a word that indicated he was preoccupied with side issues or non-issues.

Evidence of bigotry on the part of several other congressmen was the only part of the piece that made sense, except they were pointed out as part of a sneering IQ test. The rest of it was a violent abuse of First Amendment freedoms.

John B. Donovan
Bethesda, Maryland

I am writing in reference to Nina Totenberg's article "The ten dumbest congressmen" in the May 17 issue.

Head on, Nina. It's good to know that there is someone who's got enough hair to write about some of the shit that piles up on Capitol Hill.

Three cheers for Nina and *NEW TIMES.*

Mark Redlin
San Diego, California

Representative Floyd (The Kissing Congressman) Spence of South Carolina might not consider himself a legislative architect (May 17), but he sure couldn't be called a bleeding-heart liberal either. According to the 1974 *Congressional Directory*, Congressman Spence is so concerned about the Red hoards that he even includes a section entitled "anti-Communist activities" to his official biography. Anyone who has been chairman of the Joint Legislative Committee to Promote the American Way of Life and a member of the National Counter-Subversive Activities Committee of the American Legion could sure sympathize with a little burglary done in the name of "national security."

Best of luck with your fine publication.

William B. Canfield III
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

I just read your article "The ten dumbest congressmen." All I can say is I didn't realize Congressman John Rarick was such a "right on" congressman. How come you call him dumb? I think he knows where it's at!

Buddy Demers
Cambridge, Massachusetts

In regard to your article about Sen. William Scott ("The ten dumbest congressmen," May 17), oil in its natural form is not harmful by "working its way into the marine food chain." As a matter of fact, oil was first used and sold as medicine.

You also don't get an honest opinion of an employer from anyone who has been fired.

I also find it interesting how Nader can send men out to investigate a citizen, senator if you please. But if GM sends men out to investigate him, a citizen, Nader sues them.

I would invite you to read an old book—the Bible—Matthew 5:22.

Charlie L. Roberts
Alexandria, Virginia

P.S. I dare you to publish this letter.

Closet ouija

I enjoy each issue of your magazine, and especially liked the articles on dumb congressmen and ouija boards in the last issue. (How about telling us who the smartest ones are?)

Six years ago, when I lived in a Seattle housing project, several of my neighbors and I got together regularly with a ouija board. Nothing spectacular ever happened, but we had some good times and our days were made a little more exciting the more we let ourselves get into it.

The most unusual event took place when a neighbor's skeptical husband demanded "proof" of spirit presence—a picture fell off the wall behind where he was standing. The nail remained in the wall and the string hadn't broken.

We were admittedly unscientific about all of it—we believed everything the board told us and had no doubt that we were "in communication" with *something.* I haven't taken my board out of the closet for five years, but two of my neighbors ended up following the board's advice. One married a doctor (thereby gloriously abandoning the housing project), and the other is teaching in Arizona and at last shed a divorced husband who wouldn't leave her alone.

Pam Busick
Seattle, Washington

Listings

In reference to the letters by Abe Goteiner and Judi Peddersen in the May 17, 1974, issue of *NEW TIMES*, I am in almost total agreement with them. Like Abe Goteiner, I also receive 15 magazines of which I only read *NEW TIMES* and one other cover to cover. Like Judi Pedderson, I've also placed *NEW TIMES* in the number-one spot. However, it shares the honor with another publication. Thus the list breakdown as follows:

NEW TIMES—Road & Track
Human Behavior
National Observer
Time
Motor Trend
Car & Driver
Fortune
Forbes
Medical Economics
Stereo Review
Travel & Leisure
Psychology Today
Southern Voices
National Geographic

James Steven Cowen
Baltimore, Maryland

P.S. Editor: There is as you say little time for anything else.

Why wasn't the Bayer Man dragged off in chains?

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

After a year and a half of patiently explaining, in his inimitable unctuous, condescending manner, that "all aspirin is not alike," that according to Bayer's own tests "for quality, Bayer proved superior," the Bayer Man has retired, making way for a new ad campaign.

There is one thing I can't understand: WHY WASN'T THE BAYER MAN DRAGGED OFF IN CHAINS? Isn't the government supposed to protect us? Is anybody home?

Were it up to me, solely on the merits of the aggravation he caused, the Bayer Man would even now be languishing in the deepest, darkest dungeon in the land, right beside the Doublemint Twins and Josephine the Plumber. In case the Bayer Man should wish to contest my judgment and go to law, I happen to know that there exists an obscure, seldom-enforced statute against lying in advertisements.

Among the parties laboring under the fantastic misapprehension that aspirin is aspirin is the Federal Trade Commission. In February 1973 it issued a complaint, now in litigation, against Bayer's parent Sterling Drug Company and its ad agencies, charging that there exists "no reasonable basis" for the claim that Bayer aspirin is "superior in terms of significant therapeutic effect to any other aspirin."

A spokesman for the Sterling Drug Company thought it would be improper to comment on the FTC charges while the case is in court.

The FTC was especially miffed by what it terms a groundless earlier Bayer campaign claim: "When hot weather makes you feel headachy, tense, irritable. . . . Here's how to turn that mood around: just take two Bayer aspirins for your headache, sit down for a few minutes and relax. . . . These few minutes can make a world of difference in the way you feel and act." This is what's called fostering a drug culture, or what Sterling Drug's chairman, a physician, calls success. In a public address, the chairman proudly recounted how Sterling, "to create interest in, and demand for, our products. . . mixed salesmanship with showmanship" and was able to cultivate new markets.

The over-the-counter drug business *is* the advertising business. The drug companies spend $80 million a year on ad campaigns for over-the-counter painkillers, and the resulting sales total more than half a billion dollars a year. The most highly advertised brands are the most expensive, and popular. Bayer sells for two to four times as much as other aspirin, yet is number one in sales. Consumers are overcharged more than $100 million a year, by all companies, just for aspirin and aspirin combinations.

Compared to this massive theft from the people, the Brinks Robbery was a candy-store heist.

Crime pays.

The Bayer Man stands about the same chance of landing in the pokey as His Presidency Richard Nixon. The FTC may lose its case, since Bayer *is* different from other aspirin in some respects—it's whiter, smells fresher, has less breakable tablets. Should the FTC prevail, an order will issue requiring Sterling to cease and desist from its false advertising. But the only provision for *jailing* the Bayer Man and his cronies is in case they fail to comply with a subpoena, which is, of course, a grievous offense that *no one* can get away with.

The FTC moves very, very slowly. It took them 16 years to get the word "liver" out of "Carter's Little Liver Pills." Thus the most important effect of FTC regulation, consumer advocates say, may be to lend credibility to the claims of the drug pushers. The public assumes that were a claim completely bogus, "they" wouldn't let it on TV.

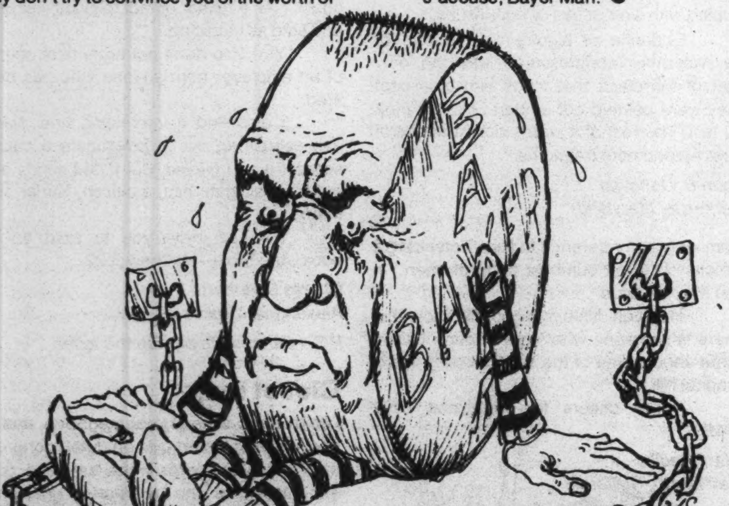
Ultimately, it is not the impotence of the FTC which keeps the Bayer Man at large. It is the people's acquiescence to being lied to. The public has been made utterly used to being lied to. The admen don't expect you to believe their claims, and they don't care. They don't try to convince you of the worth of a product you may not want, they sell you an idea which you already value and forge an association between the product and the idea; far easier to sell you "a break today" than a prefab hamburger. The Bayer Man sells not aspirin but "Quality." Forget all that stuff about tests, disintegration—he has to say something to take up the time, just to lead up to Quality, Quality.

There is the Bayer Man's greatest crime: not aggravating us—our whole environment does that—nor ripping us off—who doesn't try to bilk us?—nor fostering our drug habit—we scarcely need encouragement. His real crime is assault on the truth.

He wouldn't just lie. He'd address himself specifically to the fact that he stood accused of lying. He'd call those who tell the truth liars. A liar, he'd preface his lies by calling them the real truth. He'd wave a book full of "proof" and invite you to read it, knowing full well that the vast majority of the public would not read it, and that even if they did, it's all distorted and misleading anyway. His tactic was not to conceal the truth but to obliterate it, to beat it senseless and beyond recognition, not just the particular truth but the whole concept of truth. By now, the truth could be run up the flagpole, and no one would salute.

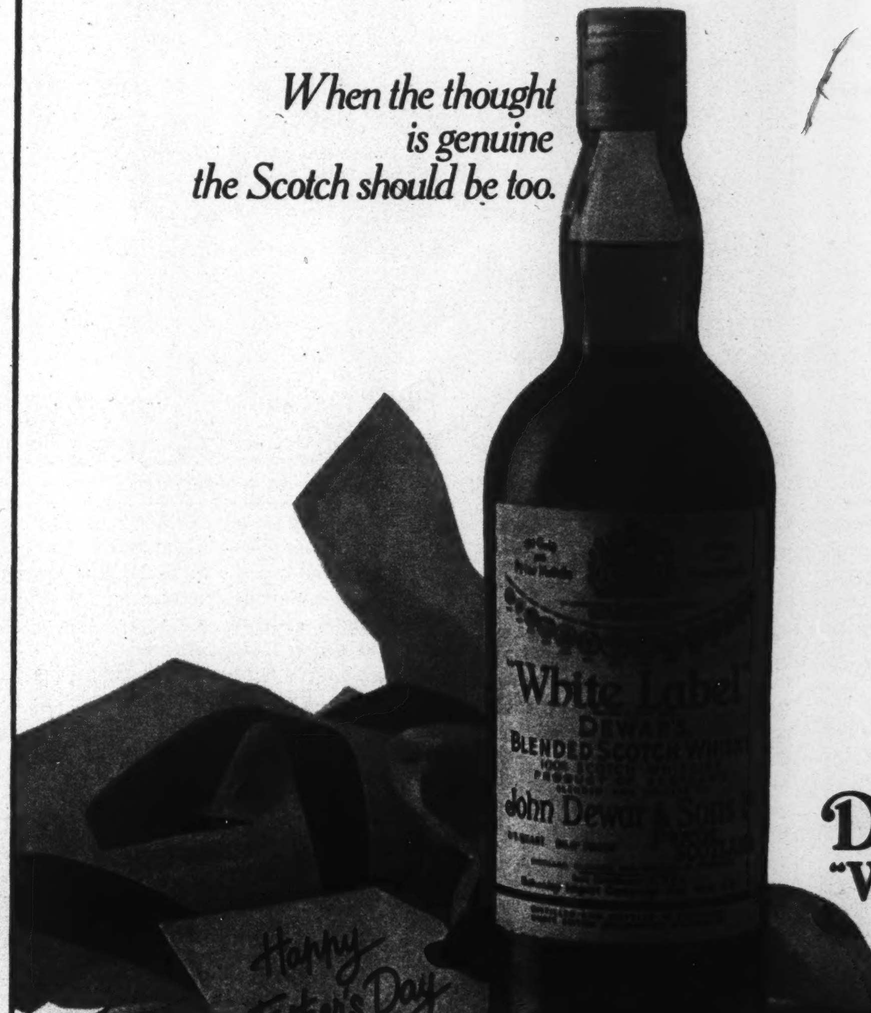
So, were an honest leader to come along and try to speak the truth to the people (notice how absurd the idea seems), he would probably be called the biggest liar of all.

J'accuse, Bayer Man. ●



On Father's Day, think well of the man who always thinks of you.

When the thought
is genuine
the Scotch should be too.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Hollywood's Dread Scott strikes again; Jackie between covers

THE WORD

Pain and surprise

Whatever his personal reasons might have been, Aristotle Onassis refused to pay the reputed $230,000 legal costs of his wife, Jacqueline's, much-publicized case against photographer Ron Galella—the former Mrs. Kennedy had to foot the costs herself. In any case, the suit didn't stop Ron Galella. He's about to publish an oversize 200-page, 300-photograph, 10,000-word photojournalistic portrait of both Jackie and himself—his adventures on the island of Skorpios, his feelings about Ari, his feelings about Jackie, Rose Kennedy, Ethel, et al. Sheed & Ward, his publishers, have gone ahead and ordered a first printing, in hardcover, of 25,000 copies, to be published August 15th. But Galella's not through with court appearances. Last year, as Dick Cavett and Marlon Brando were walking through Greenwich Village after taping Brando's appearance on the *Cavett Show*, Marlon Brando's fist somehow found its way to Galella's mouth (Galella was following them, ubiquitous as ever, getting his candid photos), breaking the photographer's jawbone and loosening four teeth. Galella claims the attack was unprovoked, and in Dick Cavett's recent deposition, Galella's claim seems to be substantiated. But that's not Brando's story. Mr. Brando claims that he struck Galella because the photographer stepped on his toe, causing pressure on an ingrown toenail, and that his hands went up in a gesture of pain and surprise.

Brando with interviewer Cavett

The evening of the fight: Ron Galella with sister of the suitor

Cold cash

Bernie Parent, the ice-hockey goalie who led Philadelphia to the Stanley Cup this year is in for some sharp competition next season. It's just been announced by the Montreal Canadiens that former Rookie of the Year, Ken Dryden, is going to return to the ice next season. Last year, after having led the Canadiens to the Stanley Cup, Dryden turned down a $100,000 contract and accepted a job as a law intern for $7,000. Exactly how the Canadiens persuaded Dryden to return is not clear, but reliable sources say that after the Canadiens were wiped out by the New York Rangers this year, they approached Dryden with a three-year contract—at a reputed $200,000 a year.

That's business

You may have heard the tale of how, on their recent tin anniversary, Charles Revson (the Revlon Cosmetics mogul) gave his pretty Vogue-featured wife a tin box with a check for $20,000 inside—and then served her with divorce papers the next day. It's the kind of story that makes any housewife's blood run cold—but it's not any worse than what's just happened to Dinah Shore, who for years now has been treating the American housewife to such spectacles as Gloria Steinem doing a tap dance for Women's Lib on *Dinah's Place*, the daytime talk show. . . . Three hours after Dinah learned that she had won an Emmy for the show, she received a telegram from NBC that congratulated her on winning the award—and then got to the real point: because of the exigencies of business (it seems *Dinah's Place* draws an older audience not considered attractive to advertisers) NBC has decided to cancel the show.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANN PHILLIPS

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ANN PHILLIPS

Walters and Shalit: maybe next time

It's the thought that counts

For many, the first word of Duke Ellington's death was heard on Barbara Walters' NBC *Today Show*. Many viewers must have been somewhat confused, if not nauseated, by a casual indifference to accuracy on the part of Walters and the show's resident clown, Gene Shalit. In his obituary, Shalit stated that Ellington composed almost a thousand works (true), such as "Take the A Train" (false). "A Train," as Duke never tired of pointing out whenever he played it, which was just about whenever he played, was written by Billy Strayhorn. Walters thereupon announced that instead of playing the regular theme music, the credits would roll by to a famous Ellington composition, "Perdido" (false, again). "Perdido" was written by the Puerto Rican trombonist Juan Tizol.

Clive to tell all

Thirty years ago, Bessie Smith singlehandedly saved Columbia Records from bankruptcy—her receipt of $150 a session and no royalties remains one of the record industry's least attractive moments. When Clive Davis took over as chief administrative officer in 1965, after having entered the company via its legal department in 1960, Columbia once again was doing none too spectacularly. Davis signed up such performers as Janis Joplin, Donovan, Johnny and Edgar Winter—in the process increasing Columbia's profits by a stunning 600 percent—making it the most powerful and lucrative force in the recording industry. The firing of Davis as president of Columbia Records last year for alleged misuse of company funds did more than a little to shake up the business; the feeling was that if Clive could go (evil tongues will have it that Clive didn't abuse his expense account any more than most other people in similar positions in the industry), anyone could go next. . . .

Since his departure, Davis has kept a relatively low profile, not appearing in public very often—and rumors of his being considered for various top executive positions have circulated with the regularity of a 33 rpm disc. A couple of weeks ago, Clive started being seen about town again—on one occasion at the chic Reno Sweeney's in company with none other than the Divine Miss Bette Midler. Then an announcement came through from Columbia Pictures and its record division, Bell Records, that Mr. Davis had been signed on as a consultant. But that's not all. It's been relatively well known within the publishing business for some time now that former New York *Times* rock writer, Mike Jahn, has been trying to peddle a novel based on Davis' career. But apparently Jahn has been scooped, and by none other than Davis himself, who now admits that he's spent the past several months working on what may be one of the most explosive exposés of the record industry ever published.

Molting duckling

It can't have been easy for 16-year-old Liza Todd to have grown up an ugly duckling under the wing of Elizabeth Taylor. But over the past year, Liza has become the personification of that formerly vapid phrase "smoldering good looks." She has dropped out of school to travel to Nice, Sardinia and various Italian hot spots in company with momma Taylor's *Ash Wednesday* costar, Helmut Berger. Reports are that Elizabeth first urged her daughter to go into psychotherapy, then tried to bribe her with a trip to Gstaad (Liza loves skiing), and has lately resorted to threats of not giving Liza any more money.

Dick, Liza and Liz: skiing, anyone?

Day-Glo sexism

The bus has stopped, at least temporarily, for Ken Kesey, novelist and prime mover of the acid culture of the '60s. The one-time fugitive wanted by California authorities for a narcotics rap has traded in his Day-Glo paint for local and state politics. Kesey has become an active member of the Eugene, Oregon, PTA and is organizing a statewide environmental and social-action group called Bend in the River—the group's first priority is the mapping out of an effective environmental plan for the state. At the recent week-long Festival of the Arts sponsored by the city of Missoula, Montana, and the University of Montana, Kesey stated: "The earth is the yin (or female) principle. When we allow someone to come in and rape our female principle, the women have to squeal and the men have to come to their defense. Stop them, blow the whistle on them," he added—imposing a sexist rationale to what surely must be one of his states's most important and already divisive problems.

WIDE WORLD

Kesey (1966): a new bend in the river

All in one

George C. Scott is currently giving the movie industry a bad fright. Not only is he producing, directing and starring in the upcoming *The Savage Is Loose*, a story about a shipwrecked family and how they survive, but he is also financing it and distributing it himself. In other words, he has decided not to let a studio or a regular film distributor rent the film out to the theaters, but plans instead to sell prints directly to theater chains. If the film succeeds, his all-in-one role as star, producer, director, financier and distributor will not only bring Scott a lot more money, but will enhance his already larger-than-life image as Hollywood's Peck's bad boy.

It looks like Teddy's going to run;
Nixon's ex-friends on the Supreme Court;
What's happening with *Rolling Stone*?

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Teddy signs

Earlier this year, an aide to Ted Kennedy was asked by two reporters what signs might be looked for in the coming months that he is getting ready to run for president. The aide replied in part that "if the Senator decided to release his income-tax statement before the 1974 elections, you can take that as a good sign he has decided to run." On May 19 Kennedy released his 1973 income-tax returns, showing that he had paid almost $218,000 in taxes on some $461,000 in gross income. The Kennedy aide was asked to comment again on the implications. "I said it was a good sign earlier, didn't I?" he replied. "It still is."

Kennedy, meanwhile, is having some problems in his own Massachusetts backyard. Boston Mayor Kevin White quietly urged supporters to oppose Kennedy delegate slates to the 1974 Democratic mini-convention. Democrats are watching the growing feud with some interest since it is the first challenge to Kennedy dominance in many years. White's pique with Kennedy stems from the mayor's own presidential hopes and from his belief that Kennedy stopped him from being named vice president on the 1972 McGovern ticket.

Evers: Teddy's pollster?

Kennedy: getting ready

Kennedy and Wallace for '76?

Charles Evers, brother of slain civil-rights activist Medgar Evers and mayor of Fayette, Miss., has quietly been sounding out black leaders in the South as to the acceptability of George Wallace as a vice presidential candidate on the Teddy Kennedy ticket. According to at least one person Evers has talked to, even though he is not saying so, Evers leaves the impression that the Kennedys asked him to make the informal poll.

The unbudgeable Mr. Mills

A major intra-party fight is looming between Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills and the House Democratic leadership. At issue is that great tax loophole, the oil depletion allowance. Mills had sponsored a bill phasing out the allowance over a five-year period. But recently, against Mills' will, the Democratic caucus voted to open his bill to amendments. A majority of Democrats want a vote on ending the allowance immediately and initiating a windfall profits tax.

Anticipating this outcome, Mills didn't even show up for the caucus vote. Now he has told the leadership that he will not abide by their vote, and instead will fight on the floor any attempt to open his bill to amendments. The leadership does not want such bloodletting on the floor, but has been unable to budge the powerful chairman. Mills has even gone so far as to say that if the bill is opened up he will step down as the bill's manager.

House observers say that the chances of terminating the tax give-away this year are good despite Mills'

Mills: a difficult man

objections. The oil lobbyists seem to agree and are now concentrating their fire on the Senate, where the oil states have a proportionately larger share of the votes.

Nixon's day in the Supreme Court

Despite the fact that the current Supreme Court is about as "packed" as they come—Nixon has named four out of the nine justices—it appears that it will rule against him on the Jaworski tape subpoena. The consensus among lawyers around Washington, whatever their politics, is that the President is on very shaky legal ground in refusing to turn over the 64 tapes subpoenaed by the Special Prosecutor. Even the President's closest ideological ally on the court, arch conservative Justice William Rehnquist—who has withdrawn from the case because it involves two of his good friends and co-workers, John Mitchell and Robert Mardian—is thought to have had doubts about the President's legal position.

The U.S. Supreme Court: going to come down hard on Nixon?

The betting is that the President will lose the case, perhaps by a unanimous high court vote. Chief Justice Warren E. Burger is the most likely to side with the President, but he is not likely to stick to his vote if he seems to be greatly outnumbered. In the past, Burger has frequently sided with the conservative administration viewpoint—for example, in the school busing and abortion cases—but then switched his vote when he saw he was in a small minority. The law-and-order Chief is highly sensitive about looking like an administration hack, and he will be doubly wary in this case.

President Nixon's other two appointees, Lewis Powell and Harry Blackmun, both law-and-order men with a history of supporting prosecutors' subpoenas, have told friends they are appalled by the Watergate affair. Justice Potter Stewart, another Republican, is known to be a nonbeliever in executive privilege; Stewart reportedly is outraged by Watergate and will probably side with Jaworski. The three court liberals—William Brennan, Thurgood Marshall and William O. Douglas—undoubtedly will support the Jaworski subpoena. Justice Byron White, who served as Deputy Attorney General under President Kennedy, is a possible vote for President Nixon. A product of the executive branch, White is sensitive about confidential communications in government and in the past has frequently sided with the government in challenges to executive authority. But White is also a Democrat, a longtime Nixon foe and a first-rate lawyer; many of White's friends think this is one case where the President will lose the Justice's support.

Of course, the President is not without a defense, and he could end up with several votes—Burger, Blackmun, White and perhaps even more. But the strong likelihood is that this law-and-order court will not allow even the President to withhold evidence.

— Nina Totenberg

The family jewels

Several weeks ago syndicated columnist Maxine Cheshire reported that Pat and Tricia Nixon had been attending state dinners wearing several valuable pieces of jewelry given to them by Prince Fahd of Saudi Arabia. Apparently the Nixons had kept the jewelry in their personal possession instead of turning the gifts over to the White House gift unit as required by federal statutes that make such gifts property of the U.S. government.

The jewels, appraised at the Nixons' request in 1970, were valued at a mere $52,400—not much to write home about. However, it now turns out the gems may be worth a good deal more than that. Based on photographs of the gems, four gem experts in Washington, D.C., have appraised the Nixon jewels at from $125,000 to $500,000.

These experts pointed out that the price of gems has risen sharply in the four years since the collection was first appraised—but not that much.

Two to watch

Up till now most of the national attention has focused on Ted Kennedy, Scoop Jackson, George Wallace and maybe Walter Mondale as the most likely Democratic presidential candidates. But some of Kennedy's political advisers believe this year's gubernatorial contests will produce two other active and formidable Democratic contenders: John Gilligan of Ohio and Reubin Askew of Florida. They say they are particularly worried about Gilligan.

A Senator who believes in deficit-financing

Alaska's Sen. Mike Gravel is one of the latest officials to go down the "hang-out road," disclosing a list of debts that, even by the boom-or-bust traditions of his adopted state, show a wondrous inclination to go for broke. According to tax returns and other documents recently made public by the Alaska Democrat, Gravel is more than a quarter-million dollars in debt, with liabilities that include four short-term bank notes, two personal promissory notes, three long-term bank loans, four mortgages and a second trust.

Gravel, a member of the tax-writing Senate Finance Committee, paid out more last year for interest charges than many taxpayers will ever list as gross income—$11,511.46 on 15 debts. On a basic salary of $42,500 a year, the Senator must send his varied creditors at least $2,500 a month. These payments include $1,300 a month for a home and two lots in suburban Maryland that Gravel has valued at $245,000.

Gravel: down the hang-out road

The Gravel papers also showed that, during his five years in the Senate, he has more than doubled his claimed assets, to a half-million plus, and has traded in numerous corporate stocks, including oils. He obviously thinks there is a future for the Alaska pipeline.

Truer than life

One last bit of Kennedy info for this issue, with which we seem to be overly burdened, is that his people are worried about a soon-to-be-published novel that appears to be based on Chappaquiddick—only the names and a couple of obvious facts have been changed. Called *Options*, the book is written by one Warren Adler and published by the little-known Whitmore Publishing Co. of Ardmore, Pa.

The dust jacket clues us in: "A clandestine weekend tryst between a United States Senator, front runner for his party's nomination for the presidency, and his black girlfriend is shattered by her accidental drowning. So begins a chain of events that propels Senator Donald Benjamin James into a headlong struggle for emotional and political survival. Desperate, he seizes upon a course of action fraught with risks, but designed primarily to preserve his role as a national leader." And so on. Sound familar? That's why the Kennedy people are worried.

MEDIA

By John Leo

Rolling Stone gathers moss

Rolling Stone continues to be the publishing phenomenon of the '70s, but there is some trouble even in paradise. Some staffers and readers think publisher Jann Wenner, whose instincts built the paper, is neglecting the day-to-day operations too much, with the result that *Rolling Stone* is becoming duller and more predictable. It is going left establishment, in a way, by featuring Richard Goodwin, Michael Harrington on Goodwin and Tom Hayden. Most of these complaints are aimed at managing editor John A. Walsh, who is also being accused of making the paper look more and more like *Newsday*, his previous employer.

Rolling Stone's Wenner: too lax

Safire's material not up to snuff

For five months, the American Arbitration Association has been trying without success to find arbitrators to handle the dispute between Nixonite columnist William Safire and William Morrow and Co., publishers. Morrow promised Safire more than $200,000 for a book on the Nixon White House, then reneged, saying Safire's material wasn't good enough. Safire's attorney, Martin Garbus, claims they are violating Safire's freedom of expression, and is said to be planning a circus of well-known witnesses before the arbitrators, if they are ever finally picked.

The expand-or-die theory of publishing

Harper's, which already is initiating an impeachment weekly, is determined to grow by putting out one or more new journals. Two of the leading ideas on the table are for periodicals about books and the book industry. *Harper's* has just come back from a low period, and an expand-or-die theory seems to be taking hold.

Defies labels

Every year after the *More* journalism convention, editors and writers catch it from their bosses for speaking candidly about their own journals. This year Elizabeth Peer, *Newsweek* general editor, had to explain away her comments that *Newsweek* wasn't doing enough for women. And Hugh Hefner is said to be irked that Arthur Kretchmer, who edits *Playboy*, complained that Hef is "obsessed" with labeling each article as "humor", "fiction," etc., so that the unsophisticated will know what they are reading.

Keeping up on dope

Is there a market for a magazine for potheads? No, but nevertheless *High Times* ($10 a year, Box 386, Cooper Station, NYC) comes to you in plain brown wrapper with false return address, bringing you word of recent busts and drug availability, plus self-help tips on how to make marijuana butter and how to make love properly while under the influence. More about grass than you need to know.

Befriending the inner city

1974 may be the year big-city newspapers finally realize that their white readers are disappearing and that black ones must be attracted in large numbers soon. The Chicago *Tribune* is moving that way, seeing new merit in Jesse Jackson and publishing a surprising series on police brutality, much of it with black victims. So is Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner*, which for months has been scouring both coasts for black, Hispanic and Oriental talent. Hearst has set up an informal minority advisory panel which includes Cecil Williams, briefly a go-between in the Patty Hearst case, and Popeye Jackson, a radical who denounced the recent SLA shootout as murder by fascist police.

Grizzly bears don't sell

The men's adventure magazines are in trouble. The old formulas of grizzly bears, sex and hard-charging Marines with knives in their teeth are no longer working. Part of the problem is that Vietnam has given war a bad name and girlie mags have taken away the sex market. *Man's Saga* is locked into Hitler and sex, and is not doing well. *True* is floundering with political gossip, cars, sports and travel. Berry Stainback, *True's* new editor, hopes to turn the magazine around by bringing in quality writers and investigative articles—"like *Harper's* used to be under Willie Morris but still with a heavy slant towards men." One long-standing rumor is that it may be merged into *Mechanix Illustrated* ("Truex" is the jocular name for the plan). *Argosy* seems headed in the general direction of *Harper's*. The latest issue features ecology, religion, fiction, some old adventure material and a sophisticated analysis of Dick Tracy as the first law-and-order man.

TRUE
Forced out of the Air Force, Capt. Rose deserves a medal for what he did in our behalf
Sly master of "dirty tricks," tennis champ Ilie Nastase
Gold! Gold! How 'That Harry' cashes in on the coin boom
Peter Rogers catches 685-pound tuna—alone and by hand

The making of a buck—1974

Add to that list of writers who are making extra cash by endorsing the New York *Daily News* in TV commercials the name of the venerable Theodore H. White. Must have something to do with the fact that this journalist's rush-job tome on the last presidential campaign short-changed the biggest political story of the century (i.e., Watergate) and thus seems headed for book-store remainder tables.

Portrait of the next president as a young man

Jerry Ford was a very headstrong little boy

By Terence Sheridan

It's Holy Week and, appropriately, I'm waiting to see the 38th President of the United States. The 37th is in trouble. After 106 years of restless sleep a damn rough beast, presidential impeachment, slouches towards the capital. Richard Nixon is attempting to flee, but his ship, battered by tax problems, withheld tapes, erased tapes and tapes with dirty words upon them, is going down in uncharted waters, sinking with Old Glory flying and a band playing on a burning deck.

So I'm sitting in a small red-carpeted anteroom in the Executive Office Building next to the White House waiting to see Gerald Ford the Wednesday before Easter Sunday, during the last gasps of the cherry blossoms, while Nixon is snuffling around the fastness of Bad Axe, Michigan, helping an immaculate Republican lose the Eighth Congressional District race. (Bad day in Bad Axe. The following Tuesday the blameless Republican lost by 3,000 votes despite a large banner that convincingly asserted GOD LOVES NIXON.)

"It will be a minute," Paul Miltich, press secretary, says pleasantly. Miltich, a former reporter, is a dark-haired middle-aged man with a bad back. He tells me that he and the Vice President will soon be leaving for Palm Springs, a vacation, and I ask, "Will he be golfing with Frank Sinatra?" It's a joke, a compulsory jab at a press secretary; but Miltich eyes me closely, searching my face for signs of incipient insanity before replying, cordially but firmly, "No, we have no Mafia connections." This is good to hear, for Jerry Ford has often been the butt of inconsiderate jokes, the victim of random insults and outrageous roorbacks, as irritatingly persistent as a loose pebble in a shoe. They have called him, among other things, a genial naif from up in Michigan, and made it sound as though he were personally responsible for reducing spoken English to an endangered species. For the most part, however, the blunders have been insignificant misconceptions, such as his question after receiving a Paul Revere souvenir lantern from the Middlesex Republican Club in Boston last March: "My history is a little faulty, but didn't Paul Revere say one if by day and two if by night?"

The robust Vice President, looking like a retired pipefitter in a well-tailored blue suit, is holding a pipe, a meerschaum, in his left hand, and he uses it like a hammer, driving home points as he talks. Splendid platform deportment, spontaneity akin to abandon, never repeating the same gesture until it becomes monotonous, according to the precepts of venerable Dale Carnegie. "You said not too long ago that the 'prophets of doom and gloom' are not going to bring down either Nixon or GOP candidates in 1974. Do you still feel the same way?" I ask. The pipe is now a pistol, the stem a barrel pointed at me. "Well, let me put it this way. . . . I think the President is innocent, I don't think he'll be impeached, I am confident he will not be convicted. But if impeached, the. . . uh. . . impact on Republican congressional and senate candidates. . . . Well, it's too early to tell. We might have an answer Tuesday."

"You're talking about—"

"—The Eighth District race, Michigan."

"And if that's a loser?"

"Well, it will certainly indicate that there are many who are disillusioned. On the other hand, there are these underlying factors: there is high unemployment in Michigan, inflation is bad, there has been an energy shortage. . . ." Now the pipe is in an ashtray on a table between his chair and my sofa and he is going for it again when I ask, "How do the folks back in Grand Rapids view Watergate and impeachment?" Grand Rapids, the conservative heart of his old Fifth Congressional District, a Dutch-dominated district with a city of 200,000 surrounded by smug suburbs and celery farms—where voting Republican was a way of life for more than half a century—recently fell to a Democrat.

"Undoubtedly there were a number of people—how many no one knows—in this election for my successor who apparently wanted to send down a message, and their way of doing it was to vote Democratic for the first time. I'm surprised how many apparently did, but in that instance you also have these other factors: unemployment, energy. . . ."

At 60 he's too old to kick the habit. He's still the good soldier, the happy hired gun riding the garbage truck the summer

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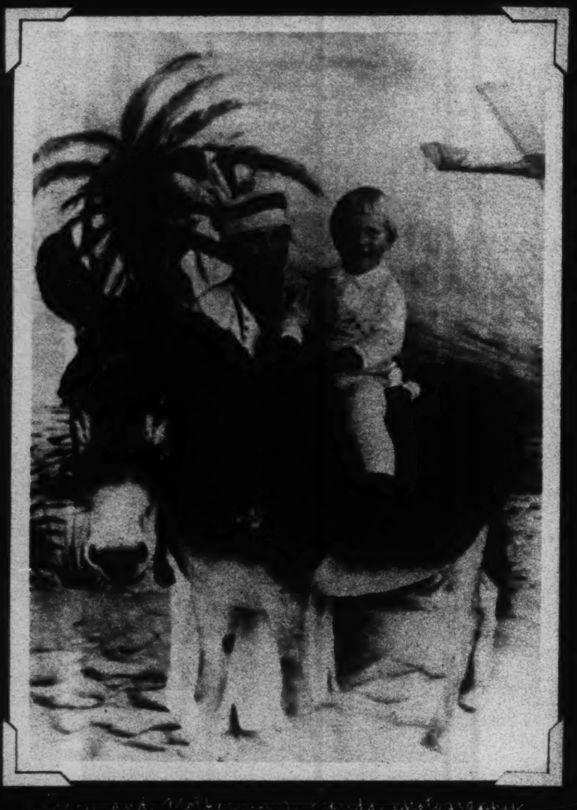
Terence Sheridan is a very headstrong free-lance writer from Cleveland.

Jerry, age 3, with his best friend, Spot.



Jerry and Mother in a Florida photography
Studio He was having such a good time on the
donkey he wanted to take it home with him

of '36. It was a memorable summer, working as a park ranger at Yellowstone. Everything properly in its place. The bears roamed free and ate the garbage while the tourists, fenced in, watched in awe. And young Jerry Ford, armed with a high-powered rifle, stood guard. At 60 he's still the dedicated donzel, an aging page awaiting knighthood. When he arrived in 1948, he pledged his troth, swearing to his elders: "I will do what I am told to do." ("Okay, okay," says a Capitol Hill Democrat reasonably close to Ford. "So he's carried the water for a long time. But he's got a lot of friends in Congress and they are telling him that now is the time to move away from the White House, to prepare himself to be president. He's the grateful beneficiary of a bolt of lightning.") Nonetheless, he is what he seemed to be, an up-front Warren Harding intoning platitudes, a helluva nice guy whose principles have been obscured by ardent pragmatism, freeing him to retell the story of America from Plymouth Rock to Mount Suribachi. Freeing him, the pragmatic patriot, to be for prayers in schools, bombs in Cambodia, the antiballistic missile system, the supersonic transport plane and no-knock police entries—and against busing, minimum wage, food for strikers, funds to fight water pollution and unemployment compensation for migrant workers.

I ask him to try to speculate on being the next president of the Republic, but he says that he cannot. No romancer, he will not, cannot, even hazard a guess, wing a vision. Besides, it would be unseemly. "The President is going to be in office until January 20, 1977," he says, making it sound plausible. "I think the possibility of me being faced with that situation is so remote that it really doesn't concern me at the present time."

"Thank you, Mr. President," I say, trying not to sound offensive. Love the office, not the man. But he laughs heartily, a placable man winking at churlish insensitivity. Still, it does have a wonderful ring to it, a ring as audible as a sonic boom in Grand Rapids, where constituents are not only perceptive voters but dear friends, friends who have hung lanterns in the windows of their hearts and prayed: *Let it happen, by night or by day.* When he came home last January, they were waiting for him with signs that said ALL-AMERICAN BOY and WE ARE FOREVER FORD, a homecoming dry run for the big one yet to come. Jerry, a long-distance runner among dashmen, is almost there. Even if the other guy digs in and beats impeachment, there is always '76, and they know in their hearts that an Eagle Scout from Grand Rapids couldn't turn down a draft in 1976. So they practice sucking in air and popping out the plosive P, then quickly move the lower lip against upper teeth to form the fricative F, the OR tarrying neutrally as the tongue touches the back of the teeth to make the D: *President Ford.*

"President Ford—it's not at all hard to say," says Marian Steketee Horning. Long ago she forgave Jerry Ford for stepping on her twin sister Alice's hand. A six-year-old towheaded boy, built like a box, sitting in a sweet cherry tree in his backyard, daring anyone to climb it. "He was a strong-willed little boy," she recalls. Marian was 12 when Jerry was six and the Steketees, a prominent Grand Rapids family, lived on Madison across the street from the Fords. "If he didn't want you to climb his cherry tree at the particular moment, no one did. He would climb up it and say, 'My tree.' There would be perhaps six or seven of us, older than he was, but he could hold his own. Yes, indeed. But Alice went up anyway, so he stepped on her hand. Actually," Mrs. Horning laughs, "he *stood* on her hand, until she screamed. Then he took his foot off. A very headstrong little boy."

Looking back, she feels it was "dumb" playing with a six-year-old boy at her age, 12, wearing an Indian maiden's fringed dress, Jerry with a dyed turkey feather stuck in a headband. "But those were different days," she says, a tough-minded little woman, the mother of two sons who never looked back after walking out of divorce court 41 years ago. "Times were simpler when we were children," she says. "We all played together, and a big thing for us was to go for a Sunday ride in Mr. Ford's car. There were no better people than Jerry's parents, Dorothy and Jerry Ford."

"Of course," says Mrs. Horning, "at that time we didn't know that Mr. Ford was Jerry's stepfather, but neither did Jerry. They were very close, those two. Young Jerry was mischievous, as little boys are, but he always made it up. He had a little wagon, like a farmer's wagon, and he would load two or three in it and pull them. A stocky, square-built little boy. . .

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a good boy. I remember that he was an excellent Boy Scout. And then," she says, "he grew up to be a good congressman. I voted for him last time, but not for Nixon. I had mixed emotions when Jerry was named vice president. That *damn* Nixon! Jerry is too honest to get mixed up in this mess. Nixon thinks he's God. So damn stubborn! I'll never forgive him for that Checkers speech. I just hope Jerry doesn't get burned like the rest of them." Then, brightly, she remembers something else. "His mother," she says. "Jerry's mother was a wonderful lady. She used to let me come in and help her set the table for lunch. She had lovely things, china and silver and glass. And she made cookies . . . molasses cookies. They were very big then, you know, molasses cookies."

Yes, the cookies. . . stirring the dark viscid syrup into the achromatic batter. . . . She was making them in Omaha, too, a tall, kindly Daughter of the American Revolution, the genteel mother of Jerry Ford, abandoned when she was pregnant with the son she would name Leslie. (And even now sexagenarian friends of the Fords band needlessly together, protecting the honor of a genuinely fine woman, whispering *you know*?)

Divorced, Dorothy Gardner King came home to Grand Rapids with a baby boy. She married Gerald Ford, a popular young salesman for a wood-finishing firm who later founded a paint and varnish company, became an influential member of the Kent County Republican organization and fathered three sons of his own after renaming his stepson Gerald Rudolph Ford Jr. And thus Jerry Ford gained a superior father but lost a noble logo for presidential papers: Leslie Lynch King. But memories of the molasses cookies live on. . . canonized cookies certifying that one knew Jerry Ford—"Junie," for Junior—before he was famous.

"Hell," says Byrd Garel, "I think I was the *first* colored person Jerry Ford was ever exposed to. I used to go up that short sidewalk and go in the side door and me and Jerry would sit in the kitchen and his mother would give us cookies, molasses cookies, and milk." The Fords' home, a three-story frame, was now on steep Union Street, and Jerry was 13 years old. Byrd, called "Burt," the son of a chauffeur, would walk down Thomas to Union and whistle for his buddy "Junie," and they would walk a mile to South High School. "Jerry's house was really nice," says Garel, a retired auto worker. "That was a nice neighborhood then. Colored people were in that house recently, but it's empty now. Someone should buy it. It's going to be historic. When we were kids, I lived on Bates, the first colored family. The city used to barricade Union and we would slide down in homemade bobsleds in the winter. In those days there was no better place to raise or educate your kids. I've been a lot of places and I used to say that the alleys of Grand Rapids were cleaner than the boulevards of Detroit."

In the winter the benevolent city, a furniture center, would water down Madison Park and the kids would play fierce games of ice tag, like pom-pom pullaway, Garel in his fleet key skates, runners attached to street shoes, and Ford in real hockey skates. "For what it was like in those days, Jerry was a rich boy," Garel says. "But a regular guy. . . he didn't smell himself, if you know what I mean. So we were always going at it, going to be the *best* in the games. I was pretty fast in those days and he was kind of clumsy. But with that blond hair and those blue eyes, the girls were always shooting at him. It didn't seem to buzz him, though. He was kind of shy.

"I'm still his friend, and I hope he's mine, you know," Garel says. "And that isn't easy for a colored person to say. . . colored, black, Negro—whatever they're calling it today. Also, I'm a labor man and I never did like him hobnobbing with those Dixiecrats and kowtowing to Nixon. I take a lot of kidding for sticking up for Ford, friends saying, 'You a white folks' nigger?' But I like a guy who sticks by his convictions. I think that Jerry, in his way, is a great American, the greatest since Abraham Lincoln. They talk a lot about Lincoln, but I wasn't there. I *was* with Jerry, though, and it gives me chillbumps to think we played together as kids. I never thought old Junie would be president someday, but I sure want him to be now . . . and I think he will be. I'm a gamblin' man and I'll bet a bale on it!"

Garel, four years old when his father drowned in a fishing accident, didn't see Ford after their sophomore year at South High. The Fords moved on to an even nicer neighborhood in East Grand Rapids; and Garel, working as a bellhop from 11 at night to 7 in the morning at the Rowe Hotel, walked briefly to school from a different direction before dropping out to work full time at various jobs in a city where "those Hollanders didn't want to hear about no colored boy working in their furniture companies."

In 1935, the year Jerry Ford, football player and fraternity boy, graduated from the University of Michigan, Garel was a $5-a-day auto worker in Detroit, waiting for the UAW to convince Henry Ford in 1941 that he needed a closed union shop—then, doing good, right up to the day a plant flake they called "Joe Wafer" goosed him at the water fountain and Garel, a full-grown six-foot-three, was fired for nearly fracturing the white man's skull. Beyond the plant gates, the numbers racket beckoned, and Garel went gladly. His mother had four sons, three preachers and a numbers man, but, thought Garel,

A family outing in Dad's car. That's Jerry with his hand up — he was afraid he might get left out of the picture

Mammy ain't doing too bad. . . she's battin' about .750. In 1941, the year Ford received his degree from Yale Law School, Garel was already into his new career, doing a little of all of it, including, later, backing some of the action and paying $700 a month for police protection, living it as he made it: clothes, cars, booze, broads, high-stake card games and big-time tracks, until he tapped out in 1957 and came home to Grand Rapids. He worked at Kelvinator for 11 years, the first black chief shop steward, retiring as an inspector in 1971.

In all that time, Garel's thoughts were not much with Jerry Ford, except for once in 1969. A downhome acquaintance, a wiseass who thought he knew northern politics, bet Garel $40 that U.S. Representative Adam Clayton Powell would be reseated with full seniority on the Education and Labor Committee. Garel told his cousin to hold the money and called Congressman Ford's Grand Rapids office. The answer, in a letter dated Sept. 26, 1969, said Powell was considered the "newest member" without restoration of seniority privileges.

Garel was already laughing when his eye caught the personal note in Ford's hand at the bottom of the letter, a query: "P.S. Are you my old friend from South High?" Now Garel is not a man who accepts the gift and forgets the giver, but he *had* won the bet and there was no reason, he felt, to bother the Congressman with a reply. So he pocketed the $40 and forgot about him. And possibly they would never have met again except for Watergate, which made imperative Ford's return to Grand Rapids, the glory road lighted by adoration.

Something big had to be done, and the best brains in Grand Rapids started clicking out stunning ideas. The result was a gala fete—"Jerry Ford, Our Vice President, Comes Home"—with heartfelt testimonials from people who could unblushingly bear witness to the man's inherent decency. The theme was the number "48"—the year Jerry was first elected to Congress and, marvelous irony, his football jersey number at Michigan. The rest fell neatly into place: a $12.50 ham dinner for 1,500 at the Calvin College fieldhouse. . . red, white and blue bunting, dozens of flags, six-foot foam cores bearing profiles of the former Congressman as he looked in '48 and '72, and pretty coeds. . . waitresses wearing blue and maroon sleeveless jerseys with "48" on the back and the two faces of Jerry silk-screened across the critical points of their breasts. . . the Friars singing, the Shrine Band playing, and the testimonials at two podiums bathed in soft light as Jerry sat at the head table, venting sincere emotion and honest tears.

And that's where Garel came in. Marba Perrott, a member of the Vice President's staff, remembered the letter. She wrote out a draft, merely embryonic, of what she thought Garel should say, he added some of his own words, and Insight, Inc., an ad agency that helped plan the event, pulled it all together and inserted it in a script (PERSONAL REMINISCENCE OF FRIEND WHO WALKED TO SCHOOL WITH GRF, AT PODIUM #1).

Garel's turn at the podium would come after that of Cliff Gettings, the old coach of the South High School football team. In the audience were members of the famed 30-30 Club, which began with 30 members of the 1930 state championship team captained by All-State Center Jerry Ford. Though seven players have died and surviving chests have collapsed into stomachs and eyes have dimmed and hair has fallen out, they continue to meet annually for a Thanksgiving Day breakfast in memory of that championship season during the Depression when they were exceptionally good-looking kids who could run faster and hit harder than any other high-school football players in Michigan.

Unfortunately, Insight, Inc. screwed up the dinner program, using a picture of the 1929 team. In 1929 the Trojans were second-best, runners-up, and the captain, for part of the season, was little Joe Russo, a blue-eyed Sicilian, a no-neck tackling terror with certain radar for finding and ruining ball carriers. But he turned 20 in the middle of the season, too old to play high-school ball. In Joe Russo's last game, at halftime in the locker room, Ford, the new team leader, said: "We got to win this one for Joe."

"I had hurt my left arm," Russo remembers. "I couldn't lift it up and I was backing up the line. But listen to this, I didn't have to make a tackle! Every time one of them crossed the line of scrimmage old Jerry or one of the other guys smacked him. They won it for Joe." Joe Russo couldn't afford $12.50 for a ham dinner. A five-foot-five beachball of a man with sad eyes and sagging trousers, considered by some to be the town's strange one because he used to go from bar to bar happily playing snare drums for small change, Russo sits in his pizza shop on Division Street, a few houses from where he was born and raised and still lives. There is a picture of the '29 team on the greasy pale-green wall. Joe Russo is holding the ball and Jerry Ford is kneeling behind him.

"I don't do no business here," he says, "but it gives me something to do, even if I come over here and just stare at the walls. You know, when I was at South I was like a hero. They say I was the only boy ever to play four years of varsity. Jerry used to come around me all the time. He was always carrying this football and he wanted to practice passing it to me, even in the hallway outside the gym. Pretty soon he was better than the center on the varsity. Pretty soon he was on the varsity. I guess I'm still the closest football friend he has."

Four years ago Russo was in the hospital for an ailment he still does not clearly understand, other than that it had something to do with "minus blood" and bleeding ulcers. One day he looked up and Jerry Ford was there. "He always sends me a Christmas card, but that was something, to come and see me," says Russo. "When I used to drive a cab and was at the airport, he would walk right by big shots to say hello to me. When he came to see me, we talked about South High. He asked me if I remembered the Union game and I said yes. He was thrown out of it for kneeing a guy in the head. He said, 'Joe, I didn't knee the guy.' When he was leaving, I called to him. I said, 'Hey, hey! I *know* you didn't knee the guy. The ref blew it. You're still a good friend of mine.' You see, it had bothered him all those years. Him thinking that I thought he kneed the guy."

Russo's pizza shop is about 40 steps from an empty and locked building that used to house Fletcher's Drug Store. Jerry, our vice president, used to hang on the corner in front of the drugstore. His best friend, Art Brown, a 220-pound tackle, the biggest kid on the team, worked in Fletcher's, skillfully concocting "buffaloes"—three huge scoops of ice cream, chocolate syrup, chopped nuts, marshmallow and a maraschino cherry—for 15 cents. Jerry used to tool over in his father's car, looking sharp in plus-four tan knickers with matching coat, an elegant golf outfit that his friends kiddingly put down as "burlap" because they couldn't afford to buy one.

"Our knickers were the straight ones," says Brown. "But his were real wide and came down over the stockings. That outfit probably cost $30, and in those days you had it made if you had a dime in your pocket. Sometimes he would drive over in his dad's LaSalle. But Jerry never lorded it over anyone. On or off the football field, he was well liked." As Brown, a "leader" in the tool and die department of GM's Fisher body plant, a man in charge of other men, told the FBI agent who interviewed him: "Jerry was a team leader." A tall, bald man with a strong jaw, Brown is

The neighborhood parade on Grand Rapids south side. Jerry's the cowhand with the Mongolian hat and blunderbuss secretary-treasurer of the 30-30 Club, which, he gleefully notes, recognized Ford's qualities before Capitol Hill did. "We made him vice president, by acclamation, before the guys in Washington did it by confirmation.

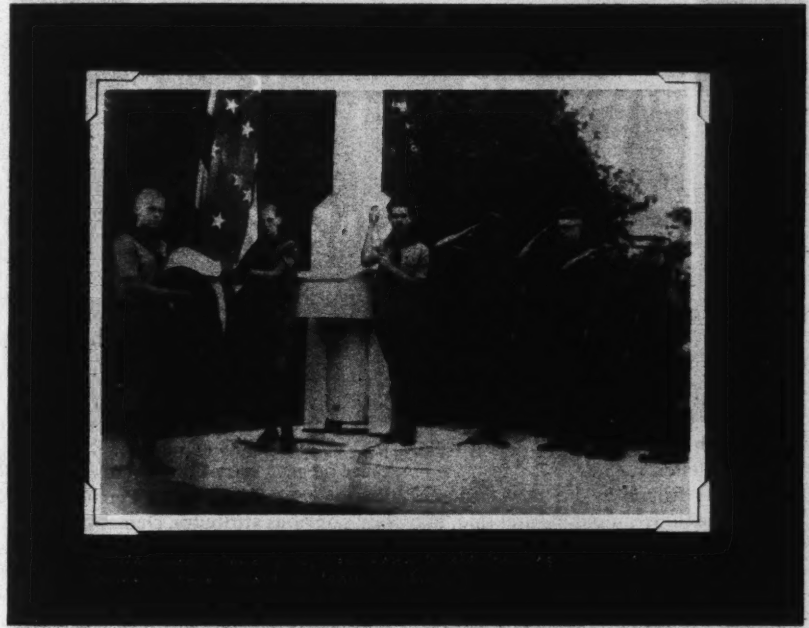
"Over the years," Brown says, "I've kept a lot of things written about Jerry, more on Jerry than myself. I always knew that he was good, but not quite how good. But now he's almost there—next door to the White House."

If it weren't for Ford, there might not be a 30-30 Club, which this year will hold its reunion in Washington. In 1929 South lost its first game to Ottawa, 10–6, the first time Ottawa beat South at anything. They cried all the way back to South High and Jerry vowed "never again." He and his father organized a football camp that summer for 15 regulars at a cabin owned by Ford and other sportsmen on the Pere Marquette River 75 miles north of Grand Rapids. With Jerry dispassionately in charge (the senior class "Dictionary" under the letter *P*: "Policeman—that's what Gerald Ford wants to be when he grows up"), they worked a week on such things as pass defense and blocking, the camp an illegal but crafty end run around state rules forbidding organized summer workouts.

"We returned with excellent rapport, excellent spirit," says Dr. Allan Elliott, the 130-pound quarterback who is now a professor of psychology at Clarion State College, Clarion, Pennsylvania. "The camp functioned well. Jerry was very serious about it. We had work details, the guys pitching in, and then we worked on drills. When we came out of it, we were together and respected one another." And they beat hell out of Ottawa, 18–6, the first game of the 1930 season. It was a great season, with lightweight Elliott staggering back to the huddle after being jarred, stunned, croaking to Jerry: "This is the play, what's the number?" And Jerry would call it, making sure that one of the other backfield men, Johnny Heinzelman of Dick Zylstra or the late Louie Cooley, carried the ball until Elliott's head cleared sufficiently to say, "77" or "78," which meant the quarterback would be moving left or right off-tackle behind a driving line, scoring at will, as the cheerleaders sang (the 30-30 survivors hear it still), *Men of South High on to victory/ Every man, every play/ South High School expects the football team to win today/ Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!/ Win for South High School.*

"I really think that Jerry would make a good president," says Professor Elliott. "I really do. He understands the very basic fundamentals, that loyalty is a two-way street. I think that is one of his strong points. And I think that those values were manifesting themselves at South High. I believe it. . . implicitly."

So after all those years, Coach Gettings, still a square-shouldered hulk of a man, stood at a podium in the Calvin College fieldhouse and buried for all time Lyndon Johnson's caustic but mortal comment: that Jerry Ford played football without a helmet on.

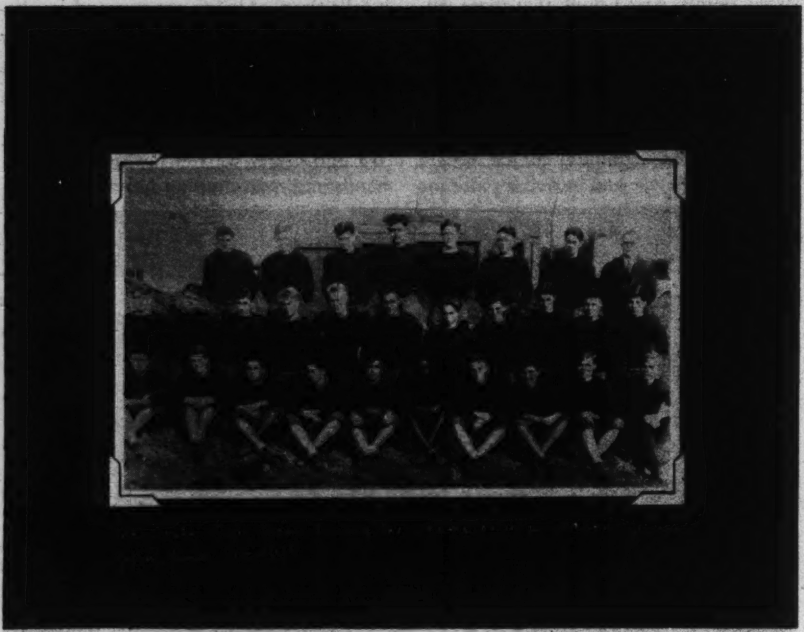


"I'm glad I taught Jerry to fight clean—and with his football helmet *on*," Coach Gettings said. "Because in this day of in-fighting and dirty tricks it must come as a surprise to find a man who can deliver a knockout punch just playing it straight and clean. The characteristics I saw 45 years ago in Jerry Ford are the same characteristics which the people of the United States are seeing today. And just as I needed what that boy possessed then, so does our nation need what the man has to offer now."

Coach Gettings had been hard on his boys at times, getting right down with them, kicking asses and taking names, growling at the Dutchies on the team: "I would give three of you Hollanders for one good fighting Polack." That was meant to fire them up to take on Union High, South's cross-town rivals. It worked, too. Ford and Brown and the other linemen would sneer into those Slavic faces, make a crack about the Pope, then ask the mackeral snappers: "Whaddya gonna do about it, light the pumpkin and wear the sheets?" Rude maybe, but not precisely illegal, as then expressed in the "cheap-talk" paragraph of South High athletic guidelines: "Talking to your opponent, if it falls short of being abusive and insulting, is not prohibited by rules, partly because no rule can make a gentleman out of a mucker. . . ."

Then the light flashed on podium #1 and Garel walked towards it, a tall handsome man limping horribly. Everyone, including Ford, wondered. *Who is that colored man and why is he limping?* He limps because he has only six inches of right leg, a stump connected to expensive wood wearing a shoe, replacing his right leg for which he received $28,500 in an out-of-court settlement. In January 1945 a car stopped abruptly on West Warren Avenue in Detroit and a truck loaded with tons of food for the House of Corrections swerved into four parked cars. Smashed together, with Garel, a pedestrian on his way to the Draft Board, trapped in the mangled mess, the cars were launched 197 feet down the street. When he was cut loose with an acetylene torch, his right leg was gone. As the Shrine Band did a stirring play-off number for Coach Gettings, and Garel was being helped up on the podium, the emcee was already talking: "Jerry answered all letters written to him, signing each personally. We single out just one of those thousands. For even after a lapse of many years in Jerry's association with this letter writer, he added a *personal* note in reply to Byrd Garel."

And Garel, fervently believing in the speaking lines they had suggested and he had written and they had polished, told all those people who see Jerry as Everyman, assuaging aching inferiority complexes, that he, Garel, knew Junie back in 1928—"from the time I first walked to



school with a buddy until he heard from me with a letter.

"My tribute to our newly chosen Vice President is simple," Garel said, his sonorous voice breaking. "It's a tribute of heartfelt thanks for remembering me. May God bless you and keep you, Junie, our Vice President." Then Ford was beside him, his arm around Garel's shoulders, and somebody was taking a picture of them together. "How are you, Burt," the Vice President asked; and, of course, he had no way of knowing that his old buddy was a one-legged ex-numbers man. "I mean, *really,* how are you?"

"I'm fine, really fine, Mr. Vice President," Garel said. And he was. He felt better than he had all night. All through the dinner he had studied this "little Jew," a spiffy little man in a dark suit and white-on-white shirt, wearing a five-carat diamond ring on a finger of his left hand. He knew the man but he just couldn't place him. The little Jew was a Greek, Alex Demar—born Alex Demarelos 71 years ago in Almyros, Thessaly. He is the retired owner of Demar's Cocktail Bar & Cafe and former operator of the food and beverage concession at old Ramona Park, the largest amusement park in western Michigan. In his time Demar, whom the tailor at Klein's Clothes admiringly calls "Little Caesar" when he cuts down the Kuppenheimer suits to fit the trim, hard body, knew all the famous entertainers, from Rudy Vallee to Nat King Cole, from Bunny Berigan to Stan Kenton. He has photographs of himself with all of them. And he has two photographs of himself with his favorite politicians, Jerry Ford and Col. George Papadopoulos of Greece.

Demar was at Calvin College because he gave Jerry Ford a summer job at Ramona Park 43 years ago. Perceiving the boy's obvious attributes, Demar promptly put him in charge of supplies. On the Fourth of July, the park's biggest day, he saw Jerry sweating his way through the midway throng, carrying a case of Coca-Cola under one arm and a case of Crackerjacks under the other. His two helpers were nowhere to be seen, which made Demar very angry. Figuring that Jerry could handle the job alone, they had bugged out. Demar found them sitting slack-jawed in the back row of the Ramona Theater watching the *Marcus Girl Revue.*

Demar, beaming at the podium, turned to the Vice President and said: "One can proudly say that this gathering is a manifestation of love and respect for one of its sons, Gerald Ford Jr. To me, Mr. Vice President, having the rare privilege to know you and play an iota of a part in your life is the highlight of my lifetime."

And now, yes! Garel knew who he was, had him placed—his old boss at Ramona Park! While Ford was working a sunlight job in charge of supplies, Garel was in a dank lavatory under the stands, skipping across the piss-stained floor with a towel draped over his wrist, singing a management-approved jingle: "Join the squatters on the right, let the dew drop from your lily on the left, but don't forget the porter, boys."

In the old days, such a homecoming would have been orchestrated by Jack Stiles, Ford's first campaign manager and national field director for Nixon in 1960. But Stiles, as time went on, rubbed some people the wrong way. He's not your average Grand Rapids Republican, Jack Stiles. He's the charming but sometimes unruly son of a late pioneer in prefabricated homes who has had, as one lawyer put it, "a little woman trouble." There was, for instance, the time he handcuffed his wife, Mary, a talented club singer, to the urban renewal wrecking ball that was about to demolish city hall, a Grand Rapids landmark. Later, in 1967, before filing for a divorce, Mary Stiles called the cops, and Jack raked a water glass across patrolman Steve Spangenberg's head and was fined $100 and sentenced to ten days in jail. Before the rage had cleared his windpipe, Stiles told the judge, "It was bootheeled authority in the oldest continuously lived-in home in Grand Rapids—built in 1841, when people knew what rights were!"

"Woman trouble?" Stiles, twice divorced, laughs now, his long silver hair lapping over the collar of a sports shirt that has a cigarette burn hole in the side. "Let me put it this way. You know how the FBI checked Jerry out? Well, not many guys could stand that sort of scrutiny. I know I couldn't. They would ask me why I screwed that brunette in Louisville and I would say it seemed like a good idea at the time. I don't apologize. But the point is, Jerry wouldn't have that problem. He doesn't do things like that."

Stiles, late for a date with a woman wearing so much costume jewelry she sounds like a Chinese wind chime, laughs again and shakes his head. "Hell, I think I know every girl Jerry ever slept with. When he was at college he brought a gal down to Ann Arbor and registered her in a hotel as 'Mrs. Anderson.' He took a lot of razzing for that one. Ahhhhh yes, and there was Phyllis, a *fantastic* looking gal, a New York model. He dated her when he was going to Yale Law School, but when he was in the Navy she passed him by—married somebody else. So when he met Betty he was ready, you know. He was about 34 and every time he took a girl out he asked me what I thought of her." Jack thought a lot of Betty Bloomer, a divorcee married four years to a former sales rep for a Grand Rapids furniture company. Stiles's advice in 1948 to the girl with the superb legs, a dancer, before she married Ford was: "Betty, it's a very tough thing I have to say to you, but if you can accept the fact that politics comes first and marriage second and live with it, then I think it can be a good marriage, a good partnership." It was, and today Jack is the satisfied godfather to Steven Ford, one of the Vice President's four children.

Stiles' friendship with Ford goes

back to when they were fraternity brothers at Michigan, Dekes. Like Ford, Stiles, a heavy-shouldered man of 57, was a lieutenant commander in the Navy. He and Ford co-authored a book in 1965, *Portrait of the Assassin*, for those who felt underfed after having read the Warren Report, a single-minded distillation of 25 volumes of hearings. Ford, a member of the Warren Commission, and Stiles, a staff assistant, split a $10,000 advance with small hope of further profit. "People were sick and tired of that son of a bitch Oswald," Stiles now says sourly. "They say I was his first campaign manager," says Stiles, "but I'll tell you something. I've always been his campaign manager, his adviser, one of his advisers. Titles don't mean a goddamn thing. Jerry knows if he needs me I'm as near as the phone."

In 1948 Stiles directed the campaign out of a surplus Quonset hut painted red, white and blue and beat incumbent Barney Jonkman. "Everyone was after the veterans' vote then," he says. "That was the angle—get the vote but don't overplay it." After the election, Stiles and Ford toured the district in a red, white and blue house trailer. "That trip told me something about Jerry Ford," Stiles says. "One day a pig farmer, a Dutchman, came in. He was mad as hell about a quota on raising pigs. I mean this guy was a real *clodhopper*. And now one thing Jerry ain't, he ain't no farmer. He doesn't know his ass from third base about pigs. So this guy goes back there and talks to Jerry about pigs. He's back there for 30 minutes, and when he comes out he's *smiling*. He says, 'I vote for dot Jerry Ford every time. He knows all about pigs!' Hell, all Jerry did was *listen* to him.

"But see," Stiles says, "that's how Jerry is. People say that Jerry doesn't have the grey matter, but I'll tell you something. It's true he isn't a reader of books, that he's no academic, but he has a computer between his ears. He listens well and he retains it. I guess you might say he's good at picking brains."

"It burns me up when people call Jerry a *mediocrity*," says U.S. Attorney John Milanowski of Grand Rapids, a 56-year-old former high-school speech teacher. "Okay, so maybe he wasn't even a good speaker when he started, but he's a good one now. I used to take him into a room and actually practice gestures with him. That's the key, using the right gestures and being a conversationalist." The crew-cut prosecutor, a rotund ex-Marine captain, was Ford's first administrative assistant in Washington.

That appointment turned out to be a test—and Ford passed, with flying colors. No sooner had he chosen Milanowski as his administrative assistant than the hate mail began to rain down, telling Ford to get rid of that fish-eating Polack bastard or else. Congressman Ford, a dependable Episcopalian, brushed aside the epistolary crap, put his hand soothingly on Milanowski's shoulder and said: "Forget it, John. We'll kill them with love."

Milanowski still likes to tell the story about how he used to go out and buy Kielbasa, rye bread and a little beer for his fellow aides and the other members of the Chowder and Marching Club, a bold band of Republican congressmen, originally like-minded irregulars, who met weekly to set their legislative traps.

Now, the hate mail and the Kielbasa have gone, but the friendship has survived. This March Jerry sent Milanowski a pair of vice-presidential cuff links and a photograph of the Fords and Nixons. The following month Milanowski and Stiles were invited to Ford's house in Virginia.

The Vice President heaved himself dripping from the swimming pool and strongly suggested to Milanowski and Stiles that they help him and son Steve, a husky 17-year-old, move a massive slab patio table a dozen feet. "Come on, Jasiu," Ford urged Milanowski, calling him "John" in Polish. "Damn," says Milanowski laughing, "I was having a nice cool drink and relaxing in the family room, but when the Vice President of the United States calls you, especially in Polish, you come."

Milanowski, who was appointed U.S. attorney by Richard Nixon back in 1969, resigned his post last December, five days after Ford was confirmed as vice president. The resignation will be effective June 1, after which Milanowski says he will go back into private practice. But there is no question that if Ford calls, Milanowski will answer. And if that happens, the last 120-pound quarterback ever to lead the football team at Catholic Central High has his own top priority to impress on President Ford—accessibility. "The people have to have access to you," he says. "You can't isolate yourself the way Nixon did. But on the other hand, you can't let everybody around you. We—and I say we because of our longstanding relationship—have always been impeccable. You can't let anybody mess that up."

Stiles, too, has tried to figure out what triggered Watergate so that his old fraternity brother Ford can avoid it. "This is damn important to prevent a recurrence of a Watergate type thing, and I think I know exactly how it came about. It came about through the reliance by Nixon on a young, energetic, enthusiastic bunch of guys that didn't have the supervision they should have had in the acts they took. It could have happened to anybody. But," Stiles paused, "don't worry about it. No matter what happens, Jerry Ford can cut it." ●

Babies for sale

By Robert Sam Anson and Judith Clifford

Pam and Stephen Robertson (not their real names) had been married seven years when they decided to adopt a child. For Pam and Steve, a Protestant, upper-middle-class couple in their early 30s living in a New York suburb, it was not an easy choice. They had wanted children of their own and had spent the better part of five years alternating between bedroom and assorted doctors' offices trying. The experience had been a strain, the most emotionally wrenching time of their lives—or so they thought, until they called a local adoption agency.

The social worker they spoke with had been cold: there simply were no white infants available, they were informed, and the odds of one coming up on "the market" in the foreseeable future were so remote that the social worker discouraged them from even filing an application. It was that tight.

Over the next few weeks, more than two dozen other adoption agencies gave Pam and Steve essentially the same story; a number refused even to take their names. Increasingly frustrated, the couple eventually turned to a lawyer a friend had recommended, a specialist in private adoptions, a skilled broker on the baby "grey" market.

Where the social worker had been icy, the lawyer was oilily friendly. Of course, infants were available, he assured them—for a price. The fee, which the lawyer said covered the mother's medical expenses, his own costs and other items vaguely described as "commissions," turned out to be $15,000. If they thought that was excessive, the lawyer added, they should "shop around." But, by this time, Pam and Steve were in no mood for comparison shopping. They were only too glad to turn over the money they had painstakingly saved for a down payment on a new house. A few weeks later, they became the legal parents of a six-week-old baby boy, born out of wedlock.

Robert Sam Anson and Judith Clifford are reporters for WNET/13, the public television station in New York.

Pam and Steve were lucky. By New York standards the money they paid for their new son was a comparative bargain. Recently one couple adopted two children for $50,000, a flat $25,000 a head. And there are hundreds of similar cases. A child who goes for $8,500 these days is described by one lawyer in the trade as "a steal."

Babies have become a lucrative business, and the business is getting bigger and sleazier every year. The explanation is as basic as the law of supply and demand. Two decades ago, before abortion and the pill, adoption agencies, overflowing with illegitimate babies, were only too eager to place them with new parents. White infants were never in oversupply, but, compared with the present, there was a veritable bumper crop. With the baby boom over, and the contraceptive revolution come to power, those days are gone forever.

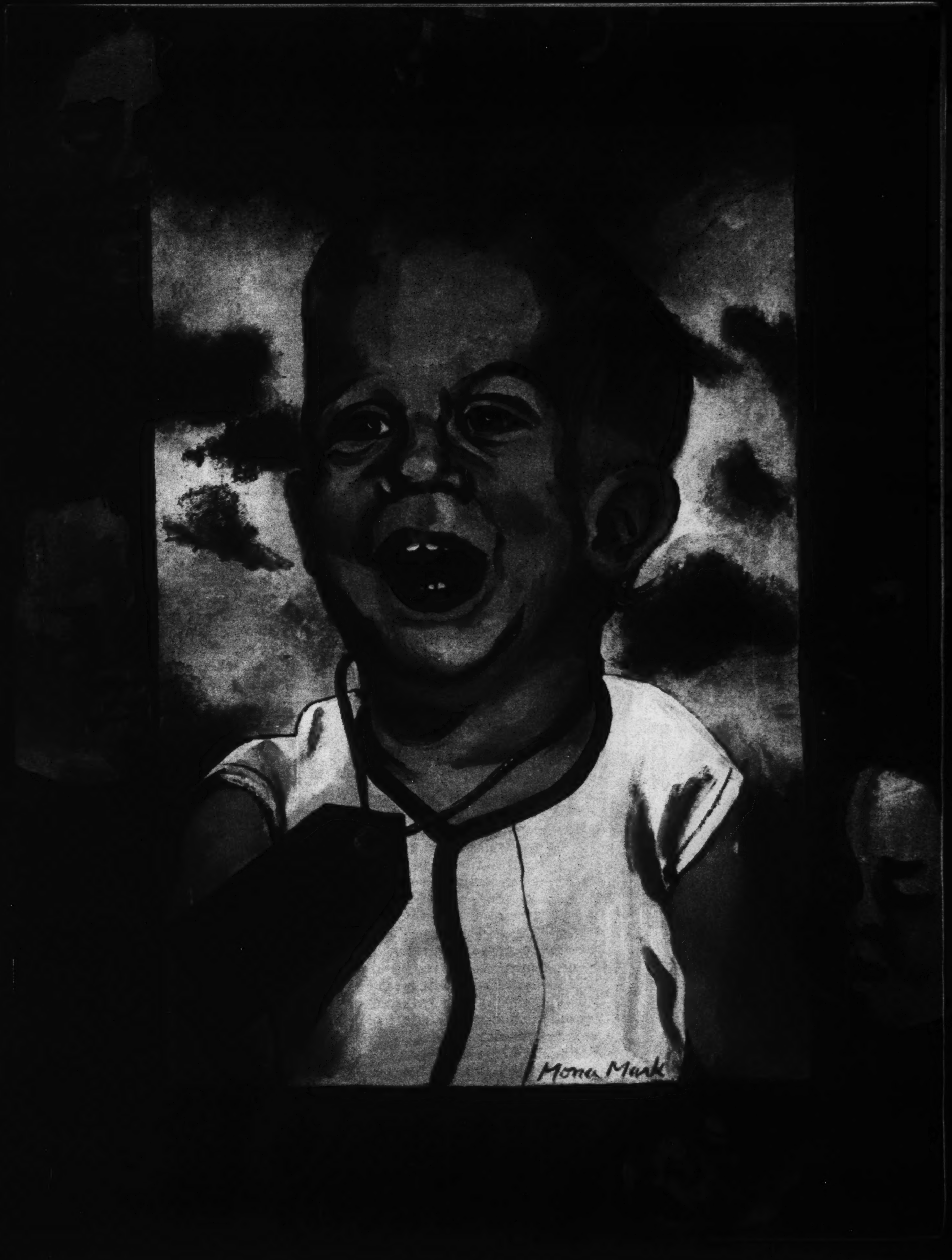
Abortion, the pill and uncooperative foster homes have created a black market for adoptable babies—with prices ranging as high as $25,000 a head

At present, an estimated 100,000 babies are available for adoption each year in the U.S., according to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Of that number, over 90 percent are listed as "hard to place"—over the age of four, from a minority background, mentally or physically handicapped—leaving a pool of less than 10,000 healthy, white infants. Precise figures for how many sets of parents would like to adopt such children are hard to come by, but one agency in New York received 10,000 applications in a single year. Child care experts estimate the total at several times the number of available children.

The result is a "grey," and, in some cases, "black," market for babies. Outright child-selling is a felony in most states and is relatively rare, even in places where it isn't a felony. But it does go on. Not long ago in New York, a couple was referred by a lawyer to a man said to have contacts with a number of white prostitutes. For a fee of $5,000, the man said he would arrange to have a pregnant prostitute check into a maternity hospital under the wife's name. Thus, the baby's birth certificate would be filled out with the couple's name, and adoption—as well as the law—could be bypassed altogether. In another instance, the New York *Times* reported that a Manhattan couple in their 40s, who had previously been rejected by adoption agencies for being "too old," were approached by a lawyer, who offered to mail them photographs of "handsome single young men and beautiful single young women." The couple could then choose the best-looking natural parents. The fee for such an arrangement: $10,000. At last report, the couple was still thinking the offer over.

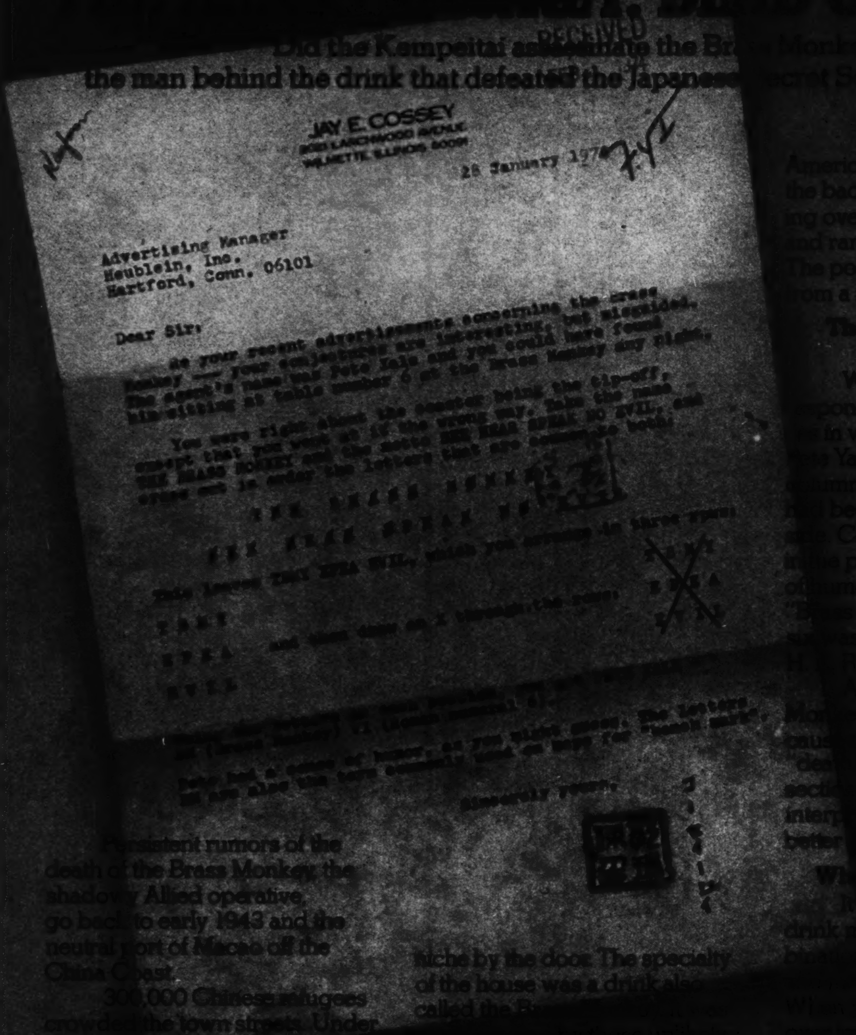
Far more common—and, with the exception of two states, wholly legal—are privately arranged adoptions on the baby "grey market," a loosely connected ring of some 40 lawyers—plus a handful of doctors—across the country. Their fees are extravagant—"Money talks in this business," says lawyer Joseph Spencer, admiringly called "the dean" of adoption lawyers—their methods dubious and, in some cases, downright bizarre. Stanley Michelman, a Manhattan adoption lawyer, "specializes" in German and Austrian girls, referred to him by agents in Europe. Michelman brings the girls to this country shortly before they are due, puts them up in an expensive East Side hospital and

ILLUSTRATION BY MONA MARK


Mona Mark

THE BRASS MONKEY: DEAD OR ALIVE?

Did the Kempeitai assassinate the Brass Monkey, the man behind the drink that defeated the Japanese Secret Service in W. W. II?



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JAY E. COSSEY
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WILMETTE, ILLINOIS [illegible]

28 January 197

F.Y.I.

Advertising Manager
Heublein, Inc.
Hartford, Conn. 06101

Dear Sir:

[illegible] your recent advertisements concerning the Brass Monkey —— your conjectures are interesting, but misguided. The agent's name was Pete Yale and you could have found him sitting at table number 6 at the Brass Monkey any night.

You were right about the coaster being the tip-off, except that you went at it the wrong way. Take the name THE BRASS MONKEY and the motto SEE HEAR SPEAK NO EVIL, and cross out in order the letters that are common to both:

T H E B R A S S M O N K E Y

S E E H E A R S P E A K N O

[illegible]

Sincerely yours,

Persistent rumors of the death of the Brass Monkey, the shadowy Allied operative, go back to early 1943 and the neutral port of Macao off the China Coast.

300,000 Chinese refugees crowded the town streets. Under cover of this chaotic [illegible] "pipeline" was established from the Japanese-occupied mainland to the outside world. How long would it take the Japanese secret police, the dread Kempeitai, to discover that the route lay through H. E. Rasske's import-export warehouse? Why were they stepping up surveillance of Rasske's favorite drinking spot, the notorious Brass Monkey Club? And what was Pete Yale (recall his name from the international set?) doing on the scene?

Unlikely Warriors.

The Brass Monkey Club, as is well known, got its name from a small brass figurine in a niche by the door. The specialty of the house was a drink also called the Brass Monkey. It was [illegible] by those unlikely warriors, of many nationalities, whose weapons were quiet words, small gestures, scribblings on bar coasters — and whose armor was a convincing "cover." For a time, a businesslike truce was maintained. Then things began to happen.

One night, Kwo Suey Jay, the dependable Chinese busboy, failed to show up for work. His job was taken by a young Japanese.

A few nights later, the chanteuse Loyana was replaced — at the height of her popularity.

Not long after, on a crowded evening, an un-named American suddenly clutched at the back of his neck, rose, knocking over his table (number six) and ran into the traffic outside. The police report said he died from a needle dart.

The "Man Who Never Came Back."

Who was it that died? Correspondent Cossey's analysis ties in with the disappearance of Pete Yale from the society columns of the day. Perhaps Yale had been buying time for our side. Cossey's reference to Yale in the past tense ("*had* a sense of humor...") suggests that the "Brass Monkey" sitting at table six was Pete Yale and not H. E. Rasske.

Apparently the Brass Monkey's work continued, because the officially reported "death by hara-kiri" of the section chief in Macao was interpreted as a salute to the better fighter.

What's A Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent looking, but potent. When you drink it — over ice, with orange juice or with tonic — maybe you shouldn't sit with your back to the door.

THE BRASS MONKEY
from HEUBLEIN

flies them back to Europe after they have given birth. Since they are born in this country, the human issue of Michelman's enterprise are automatically American citizens. Another lawyer boasted to a prospective client that he kept a "stable" of girls in Puerto Rico continually pregnant, supplying a steady stream of babies at $15,000 apiece. Still another lawyer offers, in effect, a money-back guarantee. He puts his fee—$10,000—in escrow, until the adopting parents have had a chance to check out their new child. If there are any defects, or the child is a Mongoloid, the baby is returned and the parents are promised the next available infant. Yet another lawyer charges $3,500 simply for the telephone number of an out-of-state attorney, who, for a large fee of his own, may—and then again, may not—be able to arrange an adoption.

Only a comparative fraction of the couples who want to adopt can afford to pay such prices. For the rest, the only hope lies with child care agencies. There are thousands of private and public agencies across the U.S., serving an estimated 350,000 children who have either been orphaned, abandoned, given up or, in all too many cases, temporarily parked by their natural parents, who, for one reason or another, find it impossible to cope. In quality, the agencies range from veritable children's prisons to luxurious suburban "group homes." However they differ, their purpose, at least in theory, is the same: to reunite the child with its natural parents, or, failing that, the permanent placing of a child in a stable, loving environment; in short, adoption. Institutionalization, along the lines of the Boy's Town model or "foster care," which temporarily places a child in a home for anywhere from a matter of several weeks to more than a decade, is supposedly the agencies' last resort. That is the theory. But in practice, the last resort all too often becomes the first option in the vast majority of cases. More than half of the children who enter a child care agency leave them only as young adults. Once again, the reason is largely dollars and cents.

There are literally billions at stake. Each year the federal, state and local governments pay out an estimated $900 million for the care of orphaned and abandoned children, a large portion of it going to private (and often religiously affiliated) child care agencies. In New York such payments average $345 per month per child; $165 for the actual foster parents of the child (who also receive clothing allowances, plus a yearly tax deduction) and the rest—some $180 per month—to the agency for "administrative overhead." Last year in New York City alone, such payments totaled more than $170 million.

It is a powerful inducement for *not* placing children with permanent parents. For once a child is adopted, the tax money stops. The agency loses the "administrative overhead" used to outfit handsome offices (the headquarters of the largest adoption agency in New York, Spence-Chapin, is in a lavishly appointed Fifth Avenue townhouse) and pay equally handsome salaries (top agency executives reportedly earn over $50,000 per year). For their part, the foster parents, who sometimes cram as many as six children into a home, forfeit a valuable source of tax-free income. It is hardly surprising then that agencies are considerably less than energetic in seeking out permanent parents. Last year in New York, despite a rising demand for children, agencies managed to place only 800 children with permanent parents—less than 4 percent of the total number of children in their administrative care. The majority were shunted off to foster homes, to live in perpetual uncertainty anywhere from a few weeks to a number of years.

A child who goes for $8,500 these days is described by one lawyer in the trade as "a steal"

To be sure, some agencies sincerely do their best to insure the child's welfare, and with the confusing welter of adoption laws the task is never an easy one. The chief problem is the state's insistence on protecting the rights of the natural mother, even at the expense of the well-being of the child. In most states the natural mother still retains her rights to the child, however long it lives in foster care. Not unless the mother formally surrenders custody—or the agency legally establishes "abandonment or neglect," a highly involved courtroom procedure—can an agency put up a child for adoption. As a result, barely 4 percent of the children in foster care in New York City are legally adoptable.

Critics of the system, however, charge that agencies do little to place the adoptable children in their care and even less to free more children for adoption. A massive, six-month study conducted by the Fund for the City of New York found that child care agencies were getting fat from *not* doing their jobs: finding homes for children. The study concluded: "Child welfare is frequently a service in the best interests of everyone but the child."

There is little pressure for the system to work better. In New York private foster care and adoption agencies are certified by the state and are answerable to a miasma of bureaucratic agencies, which evince little interest in their operations. By law, agencies are supposed to place children with "any healthy person over the age of 21." The law makes no additional requirements. That is left to the agencies, which alone decide who shall be parents and who shall not. The agencies' standards vary wildly—sometimes within the same agency itself. At best, their practices are capricious; at worst, discriminatory and illegal.

A prospective father is advised to be clean-shaven and short-haired; deviance from that norm can be cause for rejection. Agencies have also been known to inquire whether a couple "sleeps in the same bed," feels "sexually adequate," even how many times they have intercourse per week. One New York family was denied a child because, in the agency's opinion, "they moved too much." In fact, the couple had moved just once in seven years of marriage, and then only to a larger house to make room for the anticipated adopted child. Another couple was turned down because, hoping to improve their odds, they changed their preference from a white child to a child of any race. A 40-year-old man and his 32-year-old wife were told by an agency that they were "too old" to adopt. Racial discrimination is common, and, in the eyes of the agencies, white couples are no better off than black. Many agencies with dozens, sometimes hundreds of black and Hispanic children available for adoption refuse to place them with whites. Blacks who seek to adopt, on the other hand, invariably run up against economic qualifications that only a very few can meet.

Most religiously affiliated agencies shun any but parents of the same religion. Jewish agencies are especially strict in this regard, though hardly more so than agencies run by Catholics. Recently, a Catholic agency turned down a white couple seeking to adopt either a black or white boy, even one suffering some emotional problems—in short, the very sort of child routinely listed as "unadoptable." Just such a child had been living with this particular agency for more than four years. Yet the adoption was denied. The reason: his prospective parents were Protestant. Another couple was told they could have a child—but only if they converted to Catholicism.

In many cases, the agencies give no reason for their rejections. Often they will say that there are no children available when, in fact, as many as 2,000 might be legally free and listed with the New York State Adoption Exchange. The Exchange lists all the children who are available for adoption in the state, but many agencies ignore it. Once again, money is the reason. If an agency places a child outside its care, it has to split the $1,400 adoption fee with the other agency. Thus, for example, one couple who recently came to an agency seeking a child between three and eight years of age—and were willing to accept a baby of any race or religion, even one with a slight handicap—were flatly informed that no such children were available. Eventually, the couple found such as child out of state. Even while they were looking, there were hundreds of such children waiting for homes in New York. None of them, however, happened to be under the care of the agency they approached.

The agencies explain their failure at placing children by blaming the fact that most of their charges are in the "hard to place'" category. "Couples just don't want screwed up or sick black kids," as one New York social worker puts it bluntly. The Council on Adoptable Children, a small, privately funded group, has found otherwise. A year ago COAC made a plea over New York television for a couple to adopt a 12-year-old black girl. The station was deluged by 200 phone calls. Six months later the agency where the child was living had yet to call any of the prospective parents back. In a year's time, COAC, whose staff consists of three people, found more than 1,000 couples who were anxious to adopt a "hard to place" child; nearly all of them had been turned down or put off by the agencies they approached.

The experience of Juan and Benita Ortiz (not their real names), a Puerto Rican couple, is typical. The Ortizs came to a New York adoption agency seeking a Puerto Rican child up to 12 years of age. The runaround began immediately. First, the agency's social worker refused to talk with them until they had been married five years. The Catholic agency they went to next told them that, though they were Catholics, they had not been married in the Church, and hence were not eligible to adopt. To satisfy the agency, the Ortizs were married once again, this time in the Catholic Church. Now the agency told them that only dark-skinned Puerto Rican children were available. When the Ortizs said fine, the agency said they would not place a dark-skinned child with a light-skinned couple. Finally, the Ortizs gave up.

Heartbreaking as the experience of the Ortizs is, it is not nearly so painful as that of thousands of foster parents who each year try to adopt their children, some of whom have been living in their homes six years and more, and suddenly have them taken away without warning or explanation, never to be seen again.

That is exactly what happened to James and Estelle Jones (not their real names), a middle-class black couple living in the comfortable security of suburban Jamaica, New York. Over the years, the Joneses had fostered more than ten children for varying periods of time. One of their foster sons had grown to adulthood in their home, and they had sent him to college. There had never been any trouble until the Joneses attempted to adopt the two youngest children who had come to live with them. Lynn, the Joneses "daughter," had been placed in their home at the age of two. Her half-brother, Russell, joined her a few years later at the age of 22 months. Russell was a problem child. His mother had been a drug addict, and at birth Russell was addicted to methadone, the synthetic substitute for heroin. In time his addiction passed, but he remained hyperactive.

Last year in New York, agencies managed to place only 800 children with permanent parents—less than 4 percent of the total number

But that made him no less loving to the Joneses, who moved to adopt both children when Russell was six and Lynn eight. The agency's response was to place Russell in an institution. Initially, the Joneses were promised that they could visit their son. When they tried to do so, however, they were turned away. After six months, Lynn was finally allowed to see her brother. She returned in tears, saying that Russell had been told he would never be allowed to come home again.

When Mrs. Jones called the agency, a social worker promised that they could discuss the matter when she brought Lynn in for her regular doctor's appointment the next day. When Mrs. Jones arrived at the agency, Lynn was taken away from her. For a time, the agency would not even accept the Joneses phone calls. Eventually, their state senator intervened, and the agency spoke with them only long enough to inform them that they had no legal right to the children.

That was two years ago. Since then the Joneses have been in court, battling to get their children back. In the meantime, the children have lived in two other foster homes, and will shortly be transferred to a third. The kids have managed to call the Joneses occasionally, and once wrote them a letter (delivered without a stamp), begging to come home. It is doubtful they ever will.

The Joneses were never told why their children were taken from them. The agency never gave them a formal explanation, nor did it have to. By law, the children were its property: to keep, to take away, to dispose of as it chose. Too often, agencies make those choices, "not in the best interests of the child," as they are charged to do, but in the best interests of the agency. With children so valuable, it is a temptation hard to resist. It is altogether possible that the Joneses lost their children because, somewhere along the line, their agency found them "uncooperative," a one-word characterization, bestowed with bureauratic whim, that has prevented tens of thousands of adoptions. Perhaps there was a quarrel with a social worker. Perhaps someone in the agency simply did not like blacks. Perhaps—and this is the most likely explanation—the agency was simply unwilling to give up the several hundred dollar a month stipend that would have disappeared with permanent adoption. With the system structured as it presently is, accountable only to itself, no one will ever know.

What *is* known is what happens to children who grow up, as most of the children who enter a child care agency do, without the love of parents. They are far more likely to kill themselves than children with parents, more prone to alcoholism, more susceptible to mental illness, more prone to divorce. And, most tragically of all, more likely to beat and abuse their own children.

Of course, it could be worse. Thirty years ago, 90 percent of the children who were institutionalized died before they reached the age of two. No one really knew why. Finally, researchers determined that the children were suffering from chronic depression caused by years of institutionalization. Once in this condition, even a minor cold could kill them. The basic cause of death, however, was that no one touched them, no one cared, no one loved them. They died, in short, of loneliness.

That doesn't happen anymore. There are laws requiring that infants be held and cuddled while they are fed. The laws are probably superfluous. These days, children are too valuable to kill. ●

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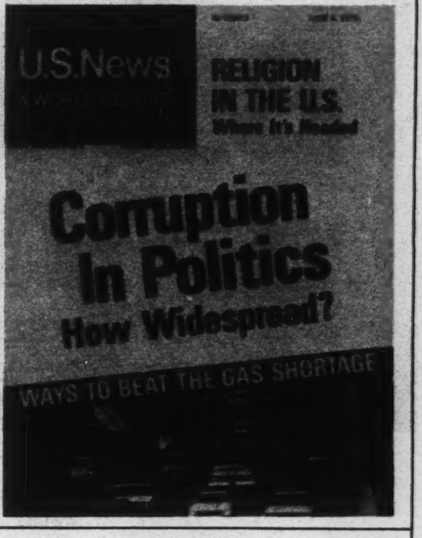

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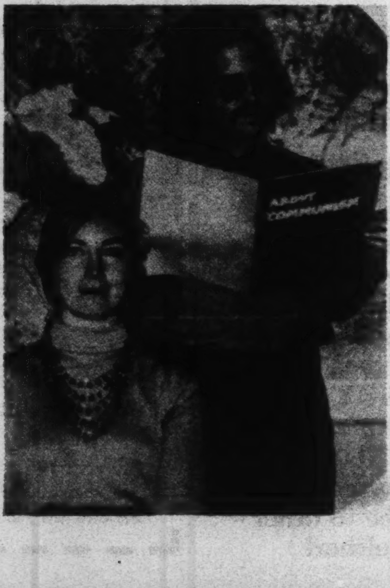
The Bloomington connection

This Indiana town hardly seems to be a spawning ground for terrorists, so why did three SLA members come from here?

By Tom Cochrun and Laer Pearce

It is not surprising that the San Francisco Bay is where it all came together for the SLA. The white middle-class radicals from Berkeley making contact through prison reform work with black ex-cons like Donald DeFreeze in Oakland; and later, presumably after much mattress-on-the-floor theorizing, coming to agree on murder, kidnapping and robbing banks—the stuff current best-selling thrillers are made of—to carry out ethereal political goals. What is surprising, however, is that three of the small band of original members of the SLA—Angela Atwood, killed in the L.A. shootout, and Bill and Emily Harris, the two surviving SLA leaders on the loose with Patty Hearst—came from, of all places, the sleepy, bucolic campus town of Bloomington, Indiana.

Bill Harris grew up in the comfortable suburb of Carmel just outside of Bloomington and later went to Indiana University there, dropping out after a year to fight in Vietnam, and returning afterward to get a B.A. in speech and a M.A. in urban education. Emily Schwartz, who became Harris's wife, and Angela DeAngelis Atwood were also students at I.U. After Angela and her husband, Gary Atwood, separated she moved in with the Harrises.


MATHER/BLOOMINGTON DAILY HERALD

In the fall of 1972, these three, Bill Harris, Emily Schwartz Harris and Angela DeAngelis Atwood, drove out of Bloomington on a road that would lead to Berkeley and finally the SLA.

To a newcomer, Bloomington (pop. 60,000) looks like Ann Arbor or Madison, so one would assume the town would have a large and active radical camp. But the newcomer isn't tuned to the southern sleepiness of the town—and he's surprised to find that there are only a few dozen dependable radicals among the 32,000 students at I.U. The students tend to be liberal or middle of the road. The Young Socialist Alliance and Communist Party types, people like Gary Atwood, are a small group—perhaps a hundred active and involved, but diverse politicos.

During the protests of the late '60s the campus did rise up in a binge of student activism, but it is difficult to separate the antiwar movement from a protest over a 65 percent tuition increase announced in the spring of 1969. The tuition struggle, which marginally embraced the

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Tom Cochrun is the Indianapolis correspondent for NEW TIMES *and Laer Pearce is an editor on the Indiana University student newspaper. This story is based on their combined files from Bloomington.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE YEATER

A sleepy, quiescent campus (below), Indiana University was an improbable spawning ground for the SLA. Unlike Emily and Bill Harris (on left page), most students are into getting zonked and having a good time, like at the Dunn Meadow concert shown above.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE YEATER

PROLETARIAT

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICK WOOD

Even today, Bloomington has a few dependable radicals who hold demonstrations.

antiwar movement, could draw together 20,000 students to demonstrate against the administration—the administration of the school, not the country. The Cambodia-era demonstrations, which were purely antiwar, were noticeably smaller.

There were no buildings burned in Bloomington, no bombs were ever thrown and certainly no one was ever assassinated. The state did try to push kidnapping charges against some students who locked a group of administrators into a classroom, but couldn't get the charges to stick. The vast majority of the antiwar radicals here have gone to field on LSD or moved to the country to raise vegetables, kids and consciousness. The radicals left are into holding forums with subjects like "Terrorism vs. Mass Action—A Marxist Critique of the SLA."

Back in the days of the Beach Boys and sock hops, Bill Harris's only mark on most people seemed to be his "nice guy" image. "That boy they talk about ain't the same boy who lived here," says Mrs. Albert Stevens, Harris's longtime landlady. "He was all the time pickin' up little kids and takin' 'em to the park and swimmin' pools. He even looked like a little boy. He grew a beard to look older. They used to ask him for his ID whenever he went to get a beer."

In 1967, when Harris came back from Vietnam and re-enrolled in I.U., it was obvious to those around him that the war had changed him profoundly. "He used to say the war had changed him, said he would never go to war again," Mrs. Stevens recalled. "He told me right out he hated guns, wouldn't go hunting."

Although Harris stayed close with his mother and stepfather, inviting them to I.U. football games on Saturday afternoons, he began to grow more inward. Much of his time was spent in studies and he earned a 3.3 grade average. But he also started to get "involved," "committed." Sometimes in small personal ways, like the day a black family in Bloomington received some racial threats and he spent the night with them. And another time he gave his wardrobe to a destitute family. Eventually, he started to work with the small radical community, and the two things that interested him the most—and would characterize all his political work—were the propaganda end of the movement (in high school he won the local journalism prize) and his obsession with trying to get black and white radicals to work together.

Harris worked on the staff of *Common Sense*, one of two Bloomington alternative papers. The paper used to give over entire issues to one cause and Harris arranged to have an issue dedicated to stories on prisoners. At that time he worked on a political prisoners' committee and a member of that group remembers him "forcefully demanding that we were going to work on that issue of the paper, that all of us were going to be doing something on it and that we all were going to rotate so that when the time came we'd be able to put out newspapers by ourselves."

Back in Bloomington, Angel once modeled for a photographer friend.

Besides his newspaper work, Harris took on poster making and helped set up a large silk-screening operation. His understanding of the importance of mass communication, of trying to create a mass appeal, at first made Bloomington radicals who knew him skeptical that he was involved with the SLA. To them, the SLA's confused acts of terrorism—for instance, murdering the black Oakland school superintendent—did not seem to be the well-considered program of a group trying to win over the hearts and minds of the masses. After the shooting of the school superintendent, one of Harris's co-workers on *Common Sense* recalled reading in the *Guardian*, a national radical newspaper, that the SLA was a police group. "That shows how completely isolated the SLA was," he said. "There was a Maoist group that even fellow Maoists in San Francisco didn't know about." But once the SLA demanded the food give-away program, it became clear that their intent all along had been to create a mass appeal—but they just didn't know how to do it.

But Harris's friends can testify to his background in symbiosis—in the SLA sense of racial cooperation for political ends. "One of Harris's ideas," a fellow worker said, "was always trying to get black and white students involved in common issues." One of the committees Harris was on actually limited the number of white members until more blacks joined.

Harris was respected in Bloomington as a sophisticated radical and many of his friends have trouble accepting the idea that he would take to terrorism. But one Bloomington radical who worked with Harris here sees his involvement with prisoners as a source of terrorist ideas. "Just now we're really getting into prisons here in Indiana and that evidently was what Harris was doing there. I can somewhat understand where he developed those terrorist and ultra-left ideas. Those ideas are very prevalent among prisoners, especially black prisoners that are politically conscious."

At the same time Harris was getting

TURN AROUND

Gary Atwood and Angel DeAngelis eventually went their separate ways.

involved in political work, he was also getting involved with Emily Schwartz, a gregarious girl from a Chicago suburb who had spent her first two years at I.U. partying at the sororities. Her Chi Omega sisters recall that "they were a strange couple." Emily was socially oriented and interested in fashions. "He was a hippie," notes one sister, "and Emily started to change." No doubt Bill, being older, a Vietnam veteran with an impassioned social consciousness, had a strong influence on Emily. After graduating, she took a job teaching elementary school in Bloomington while Bill completed his M.A. By 1971, the sorority girl image had gone completely. "She was a weird bird," said a teaching associate. But apparently, Emily never had much to do with Bill's political work. Says one friend of Bill's, who knew him through his politics, "I don't ever remember Bill really having a girlfriend, so the only thing I can assume is that Emily was pretty apolitical. She never did anything with the committees Bill worked on."

Like Emily, Angela Atwood had been socially outgoing, a popular girl who was fashion conscious—and largely apolitical. She liked to be called Angel and would sign her name with a little halo over it. "She sure wasn't the girl I knew," says one of her old Bloomington friends. "She wouldn't hurt a flea—she used to take in stray cats and puppies." Also like Emily, Angela first became politically aware through her husband, Gary Atwood, an idealist who studied radical theory at I.U. Friends say Angel's parents had "just about disowned her" for marrying Atwood rather than "the nice Italian lawyer they had picked out for her back home." According to Atwood, a conscientious objector who had been assigned to hospital duty in San Francisco and taken his wife along, Angel and Emily Harris had been radicalized only slightly earlier than Patty Hearst. Atwood says Angel went through her political transformation only after he returned from San Francisco to Bloomington.

Just before Angel was killed in the Los Angeles shootout, *NEW TIMES* correspondent Laer Pearce talked to Gary Atwood in Bloomington. On Atwood's wall, across from a Chinese poster of Lenin, is another poster which read prophetically, "Those who live by the gun must die by the gun." Like other Bloomington radicals, he is by no means ready to die by the gun now. He spends his time with words, not guns. When Pearce talked to him, he was working on a term paper on urban guerrillas. Atwood talked theory, the kind of things he was putting into his paper. These intellectual speculations were far removed from any personal involvement like having a wife in the ranks of the SLA.

To him, the SLA is a premature movement based on immature radicalism. "Ask 14-year-olds what they think of them," he said. He went on to explain in Marxist terms that the food give-away program didn't build mass sympathy with the working class because it was a reformist tactic and that the kidnapping itself didn't work because it made the working class sympathize with the ruling class rather than fight it. "The only positive thing that came from the kidnapping came by accident," he said. "It has made the ruling class aware that there is a state of civil war in the country and that has made them afraid.

"One thing I can say for the SLA—they're committed. That's more than I can say about myself," Atwood said, looking at his shelves full of political science and socialist texts. "I'm not committed to anything."

After his wife's death, Atwood issued a six-page statement condemning the "brutal execution" carried out by the Los Angeles police. He also said he was never formally notified of her death. Atwood will talk and talk with other Bloomington radicals but, like them, he feels the revolution is far off. In part, this feeling comes from the mellow atmosphere of the town itself, which has no spirit of violence and no history of it. "If I can get a bit mystical," Atwood told Pearce, trying to answer how his wife and the Harrises got tied up with the SLA, "I'd like to say that there was an atmosphere of violence in Oakland. That's why I came back to Bloomington." ●

By William Lazarus

The eyes have it

If this remarkable new technique is borne out, psychologists—and anyone else—will be able to tell what you're thinking merely by looking into your eyes.

"Look into my eyes, my love, and see
All the wondrous things you are
to me. . . ."
"The Shadow of Your Smile"

The dream of mankind for centuries . . . to be able to see into another's mind. To literally know another's thoughts.

Merely a dream. Or is it?

Not to Dr. Frederick Davidson, an assistant professor of psychology at Kent State University. After over ten years of research, he is convinced that he can tell what a person is thinking by merely shining a light in the subject's eye. Relying on known scientific principles, some only a few years old, Davidson has worked with police applicants, dying patients (including his mother), criminal suspects and thousands of volunteers. He has tested against the polygraph and convinced a trained polygraph operator that his way is better.

Davidson, 57, is a white-haired, heavyset, balding ex-Marine. He said his discovery "was an accident. I started out trying to duplicate experiments done a few years ago on children." Those experiments had indicated that the retina of the eye changes colors according to what the child was thinking or feeling.

"I wanted to see if the color changes appeared in older persons," Davidson explained. The work was part of his study for a doctoral degree in educational psychology from Temple University (Philadelphia).

After finding there was no literature on his experiments and findings, Davidson expanded his experiments and began to incorporate other factors helpful in determining emotional reactions. In 1968 he began to include a 1960 report by Dr. Eckard Hess in Chicago that has grown into the science of pupilometrics. Dr. Hess found that the pupil of the eye varied according to the subject's emotional state. Scientists already knew that the pupil opened and closed to regulate the amount of light entering the eye and that the pupil reflected emotional stress, but Hess' work and equipment produced more accurate results. Davidson likened that change to that of an animal that is cornered. "An animal's pupils get extremely large, which we know means extreme emotional activity like fear or alertness."

In the same year Davidson began to incorporate the area of focus change to help him better understand emotional responses. "I found that if a person didn't know an answer to a question, he became farsighted, as though his eye were reaching into his mind for the answer," Davidson said.

Using all three factors in emotional perception—color, pupil change and focus—Davidson continued his experiments, one on his dying mother.

Mrs. Helen Davidson, 80, was admitted to Robinson Memorial Hospital in Ravenna (Ohio) in late 1968 and died there on Jan. 1, 1969. She was terminally ill shortly after she entered the hospital.

Until she went into a coma, they communicated via the retinoscope. "I asked her if she liked something, like the orange juice, and I could tell by her retinal reaction if she did or not." Davidson examined his mother past the moment of death. His wife, Evelyn, and a friend also checked the dead woman's eyes with the retinoscope to confirm his findings. About two minutes after death, the red, which had been there since she had gone into her final coma, faded and in its place was a yellow-gold. Davidson had seen the yellow-gold before in subjects who were momentarily totally disinterested, but never for a long period of time.

Since his mother's death, he has examined three other dying subjects. All showed the same yellow-gold color soon after death. "The implications are immense," Davidson said. "If this is an accurate method of determining death, it would greatly speed up transplant operations and help doctors be sure of death."

His basic area of work for the present has been in criminology, where his study has implications for both police and criminals.

After the May 4, 1970, shootings of four students on the Kent State campus by Ohio National Guardsmen, the Kent State Police Department decided it needed better methods of selecting police and civilian personnel. Until this time, no policeman on campus had undergone any form of psychological testing before being hired. Then-Security Chief Don Schwartzmiller directed Detective Robert Winkler to find a suitable battery of tests.

"I had many volunteers and I would show them pictures or ask them questions or flash a number at them and then check their color change," he said. It

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William Lazarus is a free lance based in Cleveland.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED GESCHEIDT

was during one of these tests, begun in 1963, that he got results which differed from published reports of the earlier experiments. "Early researchers had thought that a white color in the retina indicated perception and a red color showed no perception. I found that the red indicates an *emotionally* charged perception while white indicates a *non-emotional* perception," Davidson explained.

"For example, if I ask your age and I get a red color indication, I know that your age bothers you in some way no matter what you might say."

He determines the color change with a retinoscope, a medical tool similar to a flashlight which is normally used to examine eyes and ears. "It gives off a steady light," Davidson said. "I shine it into the subject's pupil (the black dot in the center of the eye) and it reflects off the retina in the back of the eye." He said he was not sure why there was a color change or why the colors were "crimson" and "scintillating white." He said he thought it was the result of a bioelectrical reaction in the retina.

"My major contribution is the discovery that the red color really means something," Davidson said. "Scientists had dismissed it and only concentrated on the white, but I think I've proved the red is just as important. It gives us two separate extremes on a chart so we can accurately mark physiological change.

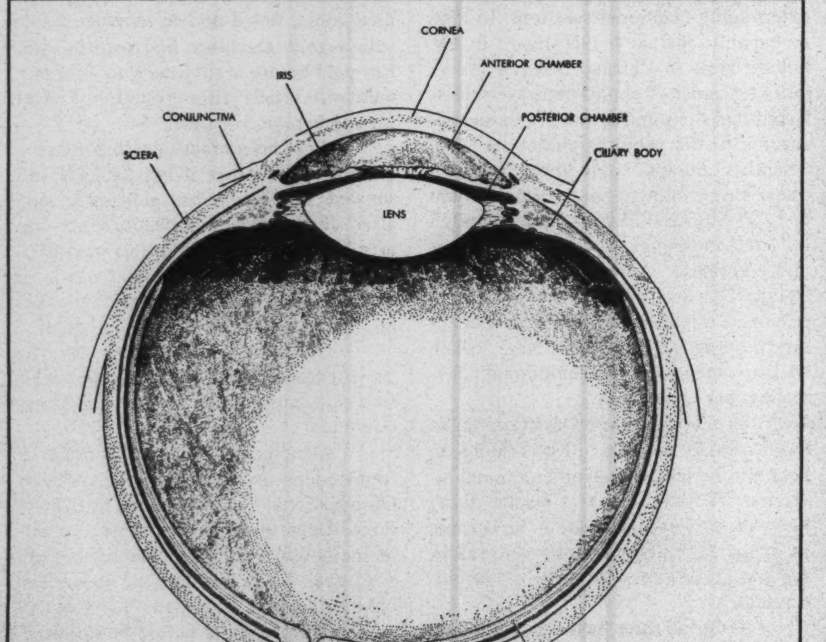
"I had an optometrist call me and tell me people knew about the white and red colors and the other changes 20 years ago. That's true. But they didn't know what the colors *meant*. They'd look at them, say 'that's nice' and ignore them. I've actually proved they mean something.

"Suppose I give you a retinoscope and I tell you to look in a subject's eye. We both see the changes, but you can't tell me what they mean. That's what I can do. It was hard at first. I had trouble seeing the changes and everyone else does, too. Now I can see them immediately, even though some are taking place in 1/24 of a second.

"It just bugs me that no one seems to care. I've really got something here. If I were well-known in the field, the other psychologists would be eating this thing up, but since I'm a nobody, they just shrug it off."

Davidson added that he conducted a worldwide search for data to corroborate his findings. "There was none. In Russia, in China . . . nowhere," he recalled.

Winkler said Davidson was already known in the department because of his interest in police work, so Winkler turned to him. Davidson drew up a series of tests, including a retinoscopic exam. Eight applicants underwent the tests before the tests were canceled in January 1971 by the new police chief, James Fyke.



Davidson said he failed a few applicants. "I was testing for emotional stability in both personal life and in real police situations like riot or shooting." The only one he passed with a perfect recommendation turned out to be a better-than-average policeman, according to Winkler.

Davidson, who has been at Kent State since 1946, also has been called to interview crime suspects. "I remember one robbery suspect accused me of 'reading his mind.' The suspect was examined simultaneously by the retinoscope and the polygraph. We both agreed the suspect had stolen the property. But the polygraph examiner said the suspect had sold the stolen property, while I could see the suspect liked the property too much to sell it. That's when he accused me of reading his mind. The authorities recovered the property the next day," Davidson chuckled.

The man who ran the polygraph that day and worked with hundreds of volunteers in order to compare the lie detector with the retinoscope was Walter Kramer, administrator of the Portage County Juvenile Court and a trained polygraph examiner. Kramer, 54, is convinced that the retinoscope is superior to the polygraph. He said the retinoscope shows "degrees of guilt from embarrassment to downright lying." He added that the retinoscope can show the difference between a "white lie and a lie to protect yourself."

Davidson said another difference was that he could stand eight to ten feet away from a subject, whereas the polygraph must be attached with sensing devices to the subject. He added that a polygraph could be "beat" if the subject is under the influence of a drug or alcohol or had amnesia. He said the retinoscope was not affected by these problems because "I'm seeing the physiological reactions." He said the only trouble he ever had was with an older person who had cataracts. "I could see the changes," he said, "but not clearly enough to be positive. I'm going back to check this subject after her cataracts are removed." (Cataracts are a growth on the lens of the eye which inhibit the passage of light. He said people with extremely bad eyesight would probably give him a similar problem.)

He examined this reporter's eyes as a demonstration. The light shone into the eye seems to go right through into the mind. He asked several personal questions and commented about my subconscious feelings toward my brothers, my health and my family. In a similar demonstration in a Kent State journalism class, he asked a male student several questions, which were not answered orally, and was able to

Detail from a portrait by Rubens.

determine the student's feelings toward grades, his family and something about his moral life. "I don't need verbal responses," Davidson explained. "I can see the reaction before you can say anything."

All of the demonstrations were done in darkened rooms. However, Davidson said it doesn't matter how much light is available as long as he can focus on the subject's eye.

His work is potentially dangerous. Falling into the wrong hands, he explained, it can be used to control people in the ways envisioned in the book *1984*. "You see," he explained, "you may not even know you are being examined. A retinoscope can be set up anywhere, not just in front of you, facing you. Just so it focuses on the eye, it can be used to 'read' emotional reactions."

Learning how to use his method is also relatively easy. "All you have to know is a little about the physiological aspects and be an expert questioner," he said. In fact, he hopes to train 20 to 30 clinical psychologists in the use of his method and set up a national consulting office. He said anyone who needed his services could call and arrange for a visit by him or one of his assistants.

There are several beneficial applications of his research in addition to the ones related to death and crime. In psychiatry his method could be used to pinpoint areas of emotional stress. "I can tell if a subject is unstable or exhibits schizophrenic tendencies," Davidson said.

His major area is educational psychology. He said he dreams of the day when professors will use his method in the classroom. Students would be under constant retinoscopic examination and the retinal reactions would be picked up on a console on the professor's desk. The professor would be able to tell from light changes when perception had taken place. "There would be no need for tests," Davidson explained, "because it would be like instant examinations."

The retinoscope, in the wrong hands, is something out of *1984*. "You may not even know you're being examined"

Davidson began his work with the retinoscope in 1947 under Dr. Emmett Betts, a pioneer in the study of the psychology of reading. He holds a bachelor's degree from Allegheny College (Meadville, Pa.), received in 1939, and his master's from Temple University (Philadelphia), awarded in 1946. He presented a paper on his work at a pupilometrics symposium at the University of Manitoba in 1973 and said he hopes to make similar presentations this year.

He offered his work to the government for use in separating Viet Cong from Vietnamese during the Vietnam War and as a method of determining stress in astronauts while in space, but was rejected both times. Davidson, a Marine reservist, said he figured the military "thinks I'm just another eccentric." He said the reaction probably comes from the fact that he is not well-known. "I think this stuff is spectacular, but I'm just a nobody. I'm just going to have to convince other people." He is worried he will be called a charlatan, but he's convinced of his findings.

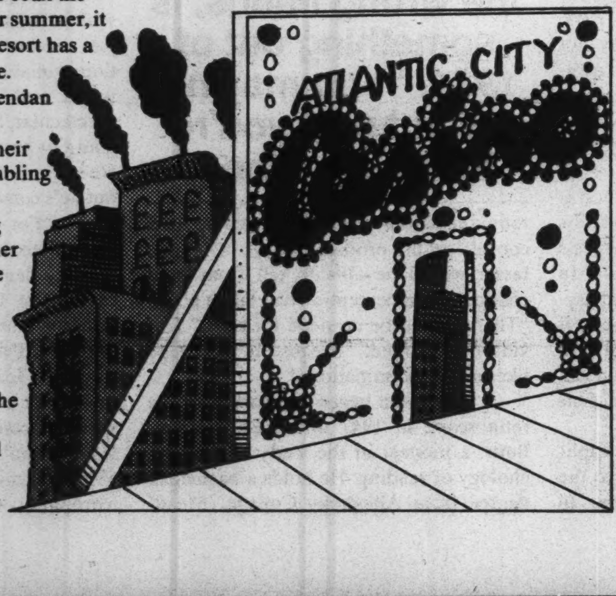
"For the sake of statistics, I'm 75 percent accurate because that's what psychology demands for probability. But in reality I'm 100 percent accurate. I keep thinking that next time I'll get tripped up, but so far I've never been wrong."

St. Jerome once wrote, "The face is the mirror of the mind, and eyes without speaking confess the secrets of the heart." If Davidson's findings are right, the venerable saint might prove to have been quite a prophet. ●

side trips

Last chance for Atlantic City

Atlantic City, N.J.—Granted: it doesn't look like much of a "Las Vegas East." But as the springtime crowds begin to stroll the Boardwalk and the bulldozers coax the tired beach back into shape for summer, it now appears that this faded resort has a good chance of becoming one. The state's new governor, Brendan T. Byrne, as well as the state legislature have both given their support to putting casino gambling to a referendum vote next November, virtually assuring its passage. And by the summer of 1975, they are saying at the seashore, the roulette wheels ought to be spinning.



This summer, however, probably won't be substantially different from the previous 20 summers, during which Atlantic City declined and decayed as the eastern rich discovered jet travel and lusher resorts. Bewildered conventioneers, men hopelessly ridiculous in white sports coats, name tags and white shoes, wander by lugging shopping bags stuffed with salt water taffy and souvenirs from Boardwalk stores that once peddled diamonds. Now one of those shops has "Objects D'Art" embossed on its marquee and, in its display window, a marked-down special on JFK memorial plates. T-shirts that chuckle "I'll Drink to That!" are also big movers. Old women with time on their hands huddle in Boardwalk corrals of wooden benches. And the only legal gambling action anywhere in town—at least for the moment—is the Bingo game on St. James' Place, where lonely old souls hear Bingo numbers echo through a near-empty hall like a train dispatcher's call in a terminal at midnight.

A lot of new money, however, has begun to seep in. Hotels are being bought or remodeled or razed to make room. New ones are going up. Land that an investor with an IQ over 12 wouldn't have touched with a crabpole a year ago is now being bought up. "The gambling won't be a panacea for all our problems," says Mayor Joseph (Jay) Bradway, "but it certainly will encourage the major capital investment we need."

Bradway, the affable 31-year-old millionaire son of a local bank owner, is a unique chief executive in modern Atlantic City politics—no one has indicted him, or even hinted that he is not honest. But in a city with more than 10,000 first-class hotel rooms, there is not enough adequate housing for the poor, who number more than one-third of the 49,000 year-round residents. Twenty-five percent of the population is over 65 and another 25 percent is close to it. There is the unemployment figure that hovers around 12 percent in the off-season. There is a violent crime rate that is among the highest in the state. There is the police department—a gift from previous City Hall administrations—which sometimes seems to have more officers on suspension than on patrol.

"They [the white businessmen] are trying to hide the real problems and make this a place where the rich will return and push back the poor," says Pierre Hollingsworth, head of the local NAACP chapter. Nevertheless, Hollingsworth supports the gambling.

Developers and hotel chains apparently aren't the only ones interested in Atlantic City's revival. Three men, including a former Boardwalk auctioneer, have died in southern New Jersey since September in execution-style slayings. Police say it may be part of an underworld battle to determine control of gambling in the city should gambling be legalized.

In any case, the face lift has already begun. One wet day this spring dynamite explosions rocked the quiet morning air as the walls of the old 14-story St. Charles' Hotel tumbled down. Hundreds of windows, most of them in the Puerto Rican neighborhood a few blocks away from the Boardwalk demolition site, blew out. Three Puerto Rican children were injured, not seriously. An estimating engineer on the job, however, assured the townspeople, "Absolutely no damage was done to the Boardwalk itself."

By Joe Sharkey

Remember rubbers?

Chapel Hill, N.C.—In this age of ecology, the population explosion and the New Permissiveness, all the ballyhoo about contraception in recent years has centered on The Almighty Pill (now used by about 8 million American women). Forgotten in all the shuffle is that great old standby from the men's room vending machines—the rubber condom. Remember rubbers? You know, that tightly rolled twenty-five cent latex sheath that fitted so nicely into your wallet, had to be unpackaged with a lot of crackling in the dark, and staved off unplanned parenthood for millions of young and old lovers in years past. Buying that first prophylactic was every young man's traumatic equivalent to the pubescent girl's first Kotex purchase or the size 30 AA padded bra. It was bought at the apothecary or filling station farthest from his own neighborhood and carried unused for month after excruciating month until a telltale circle finally formed in his billfold. And even now, despite the trouble-free sex life of the Pill, 5 million American men still use condoms for their non-progenitive lovemaking.

"Rubbers can be fun," says Philip D. Harvey, a crusading population specialist in Chapel Hill. "We've got to get this across to the people who are having unwanted children or abortions. If people were bombarded with as many reasons for birth control as for drinking Coke and using acne cream, it would greatly relieve our population problems."

To this end, Harvey seized upon a disarmingly simple selling idea: market contraceptives by mail order. Since 1970, through the country's first mail-order condom service, Harvey has sold over 8 million condoms. Headlines—mostly in college and underground newspapers—reading "Sex is your business (condoms are ours)" and "What will you get her for Christmas? Pregnant?" brought results. One Berkeley fraternity house began ordering 12 dozen Sultans per week.

Then the rubber mailers took an even more daring plunge: they opened America's first "contraceptive boutique." Called "Adam and Eve," the shop is in a second-floor walk-up a short block from the bucolic University of North Carolina campus.

Jesus, folks, here it is, right on main street North Carolina, where the Baptists and bootleggers just knocked down, for the millionth time, a referendum to allow liquor by the drink. Condoms, rubbers, sheaths, whatever you want to call them, all laid out on chrome shelves. There's Tahiti "in colors of the South Seas" and Fiesta "in colors of the rainbow," including black "for stormy days."

"When couples come in," explains Andrea Bundy, the fetching, grey-eyed shop manager, "you'll see them over here in a huddle and they're usually arguing about the colors. The girls want the Jade green because of the pretty pouch, and the guys want Black Cat or Tahiti with the hot colors. The girl usually wins." At the other end of the rack, a longhair and his braless lady are fingering the Nu-forms and Contures, apparently debating the relative merits of form-fitted rubbers.

Linda Mews, a vice president of the mail-order operation, is blowing up "Stimula," a plain-colored number with a pebbly texture on the outside and writing a description of it for Adam and Eve's spring catalog. "People laugh when they see me blowing up condoms," she says, "but I can see the shape better that way and describe the color and degree of lubrication more accurately. I personally test everything we sell at home."

Adam and Eve hopes someday to be on every major main street in the country. The obvious question, however, is wouldn't everyone *prefer* the Pill if they could use it? Harvey says no, arguing that in Japan, where condoms are thinner, better promoted and available in a greater variety of colors and sizes, people prefer rubbers to pills. "American condoms, I'm sorry to say, are the rubber tires of the world market," he laments, gravely. Apparently this stems from antiquated Food and Drug Administration standards which insist on latex thickness of .06 to .09 millimeters as against .03 in Japan. Two extremely popular British condoms were removed from Harvey's mail-order line because the FDA decided they were too thin (and too much fun?). Harvey points out that one of the FDA's more unreasonable tests involves filling a condom with 28 liters of water; if it ruptures, that line of condoms is disqualified. "The last time anyone produced 28 liters of semen," he says, "was a very long time ago."

By Peter Ross Range

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON

Waiting for the end of the world doesn't have to be depressing. For the enterprising folks of Stelle, Illinois, who are convinced the Apocalypse will come in 26 years, it's business as usual

Doomsdayville, U.S.A.

By Roger Simon

Richard Kieninger, the Harbinger of Aquarius, Judge of Israel, Builder of Lemuria and Fountainhead of Christ, pulled up a fuzzy, green foxtail, stuck it between his teeth, backhanded the hardhat from his forehead and squinted into the sun.

"We will have the apartment buildings over there," he said, pointing to a patch of Illinois prairie almost obscured by the dust cloud that the huge earthmovers were churning up. "But the financing for that sort of building has almost dried up. You can't believe how much a building costs today. The material, the prices . . . especially when you build them to withstand earthquakes."

"Earthquakes?" I said. "Ah, yes. Earthquakes. To be sure."

"Only about 10 percent of the world population will survive," he said. "Earthquakes, volcanoes, tidal waves. The people will survive and die at random; the lucky ones will die easily and quickly, but the good will die with the evil. It will happen from May 2000 to October 2001, give or take a few weeks—after all, I'm not in the prediction business."

A huge machine with a large steel claw rumbled past and gouged out a chunk of the black earth. The operator waved. "Sewer," the Harbinger said by way of explanation. "We own all our own equipment and all the operators are part of our group. Our woodworking factory netted $30,000 last year.

"Of course the factory and all the rest will be shaken down by the final cataclysm," he added. "But there will be those who survive from here by hovering above the earth in aircraft to avoid the poisonous dust and gases. They will hover for about two weeks and then descend. The area of Illinois will probably be covered by a 10 -foot tidal wave from Lake Michigan." He turned and looked at me with a tiny smile. "The media has laughed at me. They say I am building an ark. But I'm not. I'm not taking any giraffes with me."

I joined him in his small joke. "Haha, no giraffes," I say. "Of course," he says, turning back to the prairie, "some giraffes *will* survive."

Standing there atop a small mound of dirt in the middle of the numbing sameness of the Illinois flatland, without a tree or hill or much of anything to distinguish 5 miles up ahead from 5 miles back, it was as if we were constantly slipping from one frame of reality to another. From the hard facts of earthmovers and woodworking plants to the 10 -foot tidal waves, earthquakes and air machines. This was the Stelle Group, located in the newly created Stelle, Ill., about 100 miles south of Chicago, zip code 60919. It is a community of nearly 200 persons building their own homes, digging their own sewers, pouring their concrete air-conditioning pads, putting in their color coordinated Roper automatic dishwashers and Frigidaire refrigerators, living the good life in preparation for the cataclysm that will lead to the Nation of God and eventually the Second Coming of Christ. A little doomsday colony of doctors, nurses, hydraulic engineers, teachers, businessmen and urban planners worth at last count a cool million dollars. The Doomsday Colony in the Grey Flannel Suit.

"Peanuts," said Richard Kieninger, 46, founder of Stelle, the Harbinger, Fountainhead, etc. "I was pretty impressed by a million once, but not anymore. Small potatoes." Kieninger knows his small potatoes. Out of a lonely childhood, an unsuccessful first marriage, a modest contracting business, he has founded and begun building a new community—a new community in a country where the old communities are dying. It is

Stelle, Ill., 100
miles south of Chicago,
zip code 60919.

still small—only seven homes with four more near completion—but Kieninger has 1,000 people wanting to get in, a mailing list of 5,000 and more than 500 new applications a year.

"By the year 2000 there will be 250,000 people here," Kieninger said, walking down off the mound to show me the water purification plant. "It will be the second largest city in Illinois." And the largest religious community in the U.S., perhaps? "Well," he said, watching the earthmover wrestle with a hillock, "there *is* Salt Lake City."

It is not easy to get to Stelle (German for "place") and, in fact, without directions geared to your odometer and certain local landmarks, you probably could not get there at all. This is Ford County, the last formed of Illinois' 103 counties—formed, the residents tell you with great pride, out of what nobody else wanted. There is almost no underground water here and without water you don't have factories and without factories you don't have people. So the people who are here are farmers, and the land is planted in soybeans and corn, corn and soybeans, and if it doesn't rain too much or too little or too early or too soon, you can clear about $4,000 a year—if the bugs don't come.

The land just stretches, broken only rarely by scrubby trees and abandoned farmhouses, their boards weathered grey in the dry west wind, their windows gaping with Jack O'Lantern faces. Most of the roads are unnamed and unnumbered, seemingly out of the belief that if God had meant you to be somewhere else, you would have been born there. So when you turn right at the twin silos and go west for 3 miles and top a little rise it is somewhat breathtaking to see Stelle, even though it looks like a measly little suburban tract. It is just that this is the only activity, the only movement, the only seeming life for miles. A tinkertoy village, as if set down here by a perverse child. And it further dawns on you that those men in hardhats operating the earthmovers and those pouring the concrete and those hammering in the scaffolding all believe the world will end in 28 years, that they will enter flying machines and descend to begin a new world.

Which leaves one a little at a loss to begin conversation. Sandy Alexander, a pretty, young former sociology major, was walking by the side of the road with her six-year-old child, Michelle. She directed me through the mud and wooden sidewalks to Kieninger's green ranch home and on the way introduced me to her husband, John, who is helping to pour a concrete air-conditioner pad. It was here I heard my first mystic exchange between the founders of a new order. "Say, don't forget to take my suit to the cleaners, okay?" John asks Sandy. "The blue one, the one with the matching pants." "Okay," says Sandy. "What kind of soup do you want tonight?" "Uhmm, split pea, okay?" "Sure."

Sandy turned toward me. "If you're waiting for the kooks to come out or the airships to descend, you're going to be a little disappointed," she said with a laugh, "We're so ordinary here, we're dull."

> **"The media has laughed at me. They say I'm building an ark. But I'm not. There won't be any giraffes with me"**

Outside of Kieninger's door there is the mud and the prairie and gouged earth, but inside is French provincial furniture covered in creamy silk, lime walls, brocaded drapes and a deep, green plush carpet. There is a crystal chandelier, a baby grand Baldwin piano, bowls of pale yellow flowers on the coffee tables and in the corner a full-size, golden harp.

Gail, Richard's wife, greeted me cordially at the door and then sat and knitted while waiting for Richard to finish up a discussion in the dining room of a new cost accounting system and workmen's compensation program. Gail is tall and thin, and was wearing a brown dress with white ruffles at the throat and cuffs.

"Oh, life here isn't so different than anywhere else," she says, still knitting. "It is 30 miles to the nearest town of any size, but life isn't particularly difficult." And living with the uh, philosophy? "Oh, that, well I'm comfortable with that."

Kieninger came into the room and said he knew that I would be most interested in the doomsday aspect of Stelle, an emphasis he finds distressing. "Every good Christian believes in Revelation and Apocalypse. Just because we put a date on it, why does that make us weird?" he asked. Kieninger is a small man with a round face and features, a careful formal dresser, given to white shirts and tie clips, a man of precise, neat movements and measured speech. A man, all in all, who could just as easily be your friend at the Chase Manhattan Bank as the Harbinger of Aquarius.

"Stelle is people," he said. "Inspired people who have come together to improve themselves, to build a better place, a better civilization. Our philosophy was taught by the ancient mystic brotherhoods, men and women of elevated consciousness who have passed on knowledge from generation to generation. The youngest of these is 5,000 years old, the oldest 200,000, and they are following a

The land just stretches, broken only rarely by scrubby trees.

Roger Simon is a reporter for the Chicago Sun-Times.

Hanni Raillard, her husband and four children moved to Stelle last year from Connecticut.

very strict plan for moving mankind from barbarism to great civilization.

"Here we are building the Nation of God, what the Bible calls the Kingdom of God. That in which people behave in a godly way. That is the purpose behind all our activities."

Stelle members, screened exclusively by Gail and Richard, are at the site to prepare themselves for founding the Kingdom of God after the great cataclysm and for reorganizing mankind in the acquisition of the Great Virtues: charity, courage, devotion, discernment, efficiency, forbearance, humility, kindliness, patience, precision, sincerity and tolerance. The acquisition is largely a private affair, involving mainly self-control and improvement, and it will lead to a heightening of men—and extrasensory powers. There are no services, preaching, ministers or the like. Some members attend regular church services away from Stelle; most don't bother.

"In the Nation of God people will drive cars and watch TV and buy food and insurance—well, I don't know about insurance—and lead normal lives. The prime interaction among people is business," said Kieninger, who is a fierce capitalist. "Business is a divine activity. We are not very socialistic here; some people will always live better than others."

Given the emphasis on work, the successful woodworking factory, the plans for an economically independent community and all the other trappings of a normal business concern, how did the rest, the . . . cataclysm, quite fit in, I asked.

"If you're waiting for the kooks, you're going to be disappointed. We're so ordinary here, we're dull

"It's very simple," Kieninger said patiently. "The date has been established by the Brotherhoods that created the Great Pyramid at Giza, which is the history of the future. There will be great seismological activity from May 2000 to October 2001. The lithosphere will slip relative to the stable poles and some lands will move as much as 2,000 miles."

Aside from the 300 million persons who will survive by accident, two communities, Stelle and a yet-to-be-created community in the South Pacific, will enter aircraft in order to hover above the cataclysm, Kieninger said. After the worst is over, the airships will descend and the colonies will begin the reclamation of the earth and the reorganization of mankind into the Nation of God.

Gail clucked her tongue. "What a mess things will be," she said. "Yes," Kieninger answered, "when they descend things will be a mess. You won't be able to see the sun for two years because of all the dust. We will take our farm tools with us in the ships, and we will stockpile supplies. When we land, we will begin to rebuild. People misunderstand us. The Nation of God won't be the coming of high beings, of angels from the skies. It will simply be the announcement of reorganization. The Brotherhoods are not creating the cataclysm to punish anyone." Here Gail

Stelle students are supposed to acquire the Great Virtues.

laughed as if anyone could even think such a thing. "The cataclysm will merely *happen*, and the Brotherhoods will use that situation to purify the planet. This isn't the wrath of God, it's just a situation."

The Kieningers have picked their colony with an eye to the future, although they say specific skills are not absolutely necessary. "We have attracted teachers, chemical engineers, architects, nurses and even a doctor," Kieninger said.

"Oh, yes, the doctor will be *really* practical," Gail said with a bright laugh. "He's a radiologist."

"We have people from Belgium, England, Canada and Australia here," Kieninger continued. "The ideals America has stood for has attracted people. America was specifically created by the Brotherhoods. We are Americans trying to make Americanism work." He got up and sat down at the harp, putting his hands in place on the strings. "Next month," he said, with a rolling angelic strum, "we put the roads in."

For Kieninger it all began on August 15, 1939, on his 12th birthday. He was a shy, lonely boy, a not terribly popular seventh grader living on Chicago's Northwest Side, and was on his front lawn catching grasshoppers when he was approached by a man who identified himself as Dr. White. Dr. White told him that he would henceforth be called the Harbinger of Aquarius, Judge of Israel, etc., and that there were secret Brotherhoods watching over mankind, and of the planet Klarian, and the new world he would create called Lemuria. Dr. White then walked Richard over to the corner of Irving and Austin, where he bought him an ice cream cone.

Richard was told how he had been born before (and how everyone had been), how he had been a Pharaoh's son and how he would lead men to a perfect civilization called the Kingdom of God. White took him over to Portage Park and annointed his head with oil. Then Dr. White disappeared.

So goes Kieninger's biography, *The Ultimate Frontier*, printed in 1963, referred to around Stelle simply as "The Book." The Book is the prime way that people have been attracted to Stelle, and in it, like at Stelle, ice cream cones and reincarnation, the mundane and the fantastic, are laid side by side without apparent contradiction. If many laughed at The Book, there were many who didn't. Irving and Austin is a decaying shopping strip now and Portage Park is used for Olympic swimming trials instead of annointments, but Richard Kieninger has a going concern. Shortly after the publication of The Book, Kieninger gathered a colony in the Rogers Park neighborhood of Chicago, going on Sunday trips into the farmland of Illinois looking for the right place for Stelle. In 1971 they bought 320 acres for $510 per acre and were on their way.

Stelle's woodworking
shop made $30,000 last year.

The attraction of professional people to Stelle may be partially due to the heavy scientific and theoretical foundation with which Kieninger explains the more fantastic aspects of Stelle's theory. Whatever the attraction, Stelle has attracted a wide variety of people.

David Cysewski is a solid, broad man who wears his steel grey hair in a short crew cut. He is out of the Jack London tradition, the brawny intellectual, the hard-driving, hard-working hardhat who reads Arthur Koestler on his lunch hour. While building a hydroelectric dam on the Susquehanna River in 1966, Cysewski noticed an advertisement for Kieninger's biography in the *New York Times Sunday Book Review*. He sent in for it and traveled to Chicago to join the group.

"I've worked in logging camps, been to sea and in construction," he said, "but I had a long-standing interest in philosophy. I didn't want noise, I wanted facts. I am a skeptic in the positive sense. The unprovable can stay in that category as far as I'm concerned. Stelle provides me with more working data than I've ever had.

"Look, I can't prove there will be an earthquake in 2001. I don't fool with it, I don't deal with it. I'm here out of a basic urge to build a new civilization, a better way for man to live. I'm a liberal, but politics aren't going to make any difference. There is an apparent decline of civilization much faster than any reform movement can help—that's a certainty. We need individual change—no more meetings. That's the way to build a new civilization."

For Sandy Alexander, who was working for HEW when she read The Book, Stelle provides a peaceful, loving community for her family. "There's so much more to it than just the weird part. We are trying to help mankind, trying to do something positive, to practice the 12 great virtues. This isn't a commune, we aren't all waiting around to levitate to Lemuria. In a way, we're just like anyone else—we're just trying to make it."

I asked everyone I talked to in Stelle one question: what happens if you wake up in May 2000 and there are no earthquakes, if the sun is shining and the birds are singing and everything is just fine?

"If it didn't happen, well, well that would really be great," Cysewski said. "I think it will happen, but if it doesn't, well, we still have Stelle."

"If the cataclysm didn't come, I think that would really be neat," Sandy said. "After all, there is so much more to life than Armageddon."

While Gail was making lunch, Kieninger showed me around the site, inside the homes, valued at about $40,000 each and each complete with paneling, fireplace and modern kitchens. "We are committed to elegance as a lifestyle," he explained. "One can be elegant no matter where one is. We don't fritter away time or money. We give one-tenth of everything to Stelle. We all pay taxes and rent. There is profit sharing."

We went into the woodworking factory, a low, brown 20,000-square-foot building, built to withstand an earthquake measuring nine on the Richter scale (San Francisco succumbed to much less). There were stacks of pine and oak and walnut, and the workers, all Stelle members, were tapping together miniature pool tables for sale throughout the Midwest. The employees, like all Stelle employees, get the minimum wage, which in the case of these factory workers was $1.70 an hour, for a six-day week and an 11-hour day. We visited the water purification system, a complex reverse-osmosis devise, capable of processing 17 gallons a minute with 400 pounds of pressure per square inch. "It is," Kieninger said with a beam, "the most advanced system outside of Kuwait."

On the way around the grounds Kieninger pointed to power lines and sewers and other improvements. Stelle has grown by watching its money carefully, turning a profit on the woodworking factory, the acres they farm and the contributions of the members, most of whom work on the outside as well as in Stelle. There are immediate plans for plastic manufacturing and eventual plans for an entire planned urban development, self-sufficient and selling its goods on the world market.

"Every good Christian believes in Apocalypse. Just because we date it, does that make us weird?"

"I find it very strange that people think we are so strange," Gail said while serving a lunch of giant hamburgers on homemade buns. "I was planning a field trip for the children here, when a bus load of children from Piper City pulled up. We were *their* field trip! Can you imagine that? Why would anyone want to visit here? But we said, sure, come on in."

Kieninger said life at Stelle was mainly that of good music and good food and good wine, friendly discussions and no television since reception was poor anyway. It was a life filled with hard work, but with work toward the goal of a better world. Dessert came, peach pie with a butter-cream filling and graham-cracker crust, topped with fresh whipped cream, and the conversation stopped a while for hard-core eating.

"There is no guiding spirit from up above that is making this all fall into our laps, you know," Kieninger eventually said. "It can all still fail." I asked him about whether he had any self-doubts. "I worry, I worry. I wonder if sometimes I make the right decisions. And then I say, people have managed bigger places and so can I. Of course, being another Moses is something else again."

And what if there is no cataclysm?

"Stelle wouldn't collapse. We'd still have an enormously successful community." He paused and shook his head. "But I don't admit to that possibility. There will be a cataclysm."

But what if you can't invent the air machines, and what if your businesses can't make it, and the recruits drift away, and what if? . . .

Kieninger sighed and studied his peach pie. "There was a minister in this country by the name of Bishop Wright," he said. "He was very conservative, very fundamentalist. He would declare every Sunday from his pulpit that man would never fly, that if man were meant to fly God would have given him wings."

Kieninger dipped his fork into the pie and lifted a chunk of peaches and cream. "Bishop Wright had two sons," he said with studied nonchalance. "Named Orville and Wilbur, I believe." ●

David Cysewski: "If it doesn't happen, well, we still have Stelle."

Gone is the supersell that was so divine

The decline and fall of "Gatsby"

By Paul Gardner

The Waldorf party honoring a fictional ruffian from the Midwest named Jimmy Gatz was over. Violins had stopped sobbing tunes from the '20s. White roses, maybe about 30,000 clipped in the Canary Islands, were drooping from jet lag. The ghostly shadows of 250 potted palms and silver candelabras with tapered white candles flickered across the faded walls of the grand ballroom. In the dark night of that evening's soul—the dark night of March 27, when *The Great Gatsby* had its world premiere in New York—the final beat of the movie's supersell came to a stuttering pitty-pat pitty-pat. Ironically, the big post-screening bash, which re-created the "vast carelessness" of the '20s, was a benefit for those poor kids who belong to the Boys Club of New York, an organization close to the heart of Paramount president Frank Yablans, who once plucked chickens in a market. The supper, served by waiters in white tie and tails and white gloves, included Beluga caviar, breast of pheasant and hot apple Charlotte. It arrived on the Waldorf's prized gold plate service, the first time it had been taken out of the vault since Queen Elizabeth visited the city almost ten years ago. "Let's send the boys our caviar," quipped a cynic at one table, while Mrs. Henry Ford 2nd of Detroit and Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, the mother of Jacqueline Onassis, sipped unlimited quantities of Dom Perignon champagne.

The grey dawn, rising with the hangover of a $6.4-million spectacle awobble in a fizzing promotional swirl, approached. In the morning, dinner jackets and flash-bulb smiles removed, there were burpy executives with headaches. Gordon Weaver, a studio executive, advised Paramount accountants, "Take the Waldorf bill, pay it, don't say anything about it, I don't want to hear another thing about it." The studio had more pressing worries. Sickly reviews, which almost seemed to be a peevish backlash against the *Gatsby* supersell and frenzied flapper party, were trickling in—like unwanted feverish orphans with dirty faces from the Boys Club.

Studio executives turned puce. The New York critics, those purist boobs, were dumping all over the Kid, Jimmy Gatz. Charles Michener of *Newsweek* wrote that director Jack Clayton had created "an extraordinary white elephant." Bob Salmaggi, known as the cabbie's radio critic on WINS, announced that it was "a towering midget." Vincent Canby of the New York *Times* did a fade-out on the phrase "cinematic goo." Judith Crist in *New York* described it as a portentous tableaux, "a game of living statues." Molly Haskell in *The Village Voice* decided that it was an "embalming rather than an adaptation." And Jay Cocks in *Time* observed, "A great deal of time, money and promotion have been concentrated here, but Gatsby's sad and curious history has resulted in a dull, dreadful movie." Some Paramount executive somewhere most certainly swallowed a couple of Valium. At the benefit whoop-up, co-chairwoman Mrs. Virgil Sherrill, whose husband is president of Shields and

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Paul Gardner writes about the arts for the New York Times *and other publications.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY COOPER/FLOTTE

gone is
the romance
that was
so divine*

Paramount Pictures presents

DAVID MERRICK'S PRODUCTION OF

A JACK CLAYTON FILM

ROBERT REDFORD and MIA FARROW

THE GREAT GATSBY

co-starring KAREN BLACK SCOTT WILSON SAM WATERSTON
LOIS CHILES [illegible] BRUCE DERN as TOM Produced by DAVID MERRICK
Directed by JACK CLAYTON [illegible] by FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA Based on the novel by
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD [illegible] FRANK MOONJEAN [illegible] Supervised and Conducted by [illegible]
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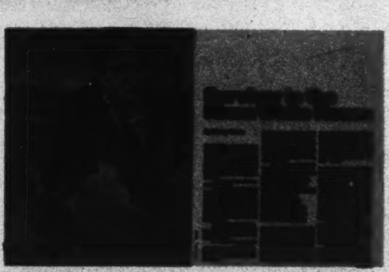

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"There was the Edsel," muses critic Andrew Sarris, "and then . . . there was the Gatsby!"

Company, the stockbrokers, exuded vibrations of the blast with the artful knowledge of a manicured clairvoyant. Attired in a white-fringed gown by Bill Blass, she lamented, "Oh, the film couldn't live up to all the ballyhoo if it were *The Last Supper*." But anyway, all the white flowers were beautiful.

After just two months in first-run engagements, from Los Angeles to New York, it almost seems that the movie may be pooped-out by summer. The "supersell" assured *Gatsby* of hefty first and second week business, but follow-up grosses, reported in the respected trade publication, *Variety*, indicate that audiences are deciding that Paramount's "jewel" for 1974 is made of paste.

In Chicago *Gatsby* opened at six theaters and earned $190,000 the first week. Yes, very nice. Six weeks later the gross had dipped to $60,000. For the same period at one Kansas City theater, it went from $22,000 to $7,000. Pittsburgh (like many other cities) recorded a similar score—from $28,000 to $9,000. Decent figures, perhaps, but not the green stuff that "blockbusters" are made of. While the multi-theater bookings in key cities reveal Paramount's supreme confidence in lines, glorious lines, the crowds faded quickly. For example, in Los Angeles *Gatsby* made a glamorous debut at three theaters with $73,000. Four weeks later the glitter had faded to $20,000 at one theater. Meanwhile, the year's genuine "blockbuster," *The Exorcist*, now in its fifth month at two Los Angeles theaters, still brings in $50 to $60,000 a week.

Measured against the spectacular "supersell," which cannot be forgotten, *Gatsby* begins to look slightly anemic. It made a dour showing in New York. At the end of seven weeks in five Manhattan houses it was only pulling $47,000, while that damned *Exorcist*, in its fifth month at three theaters, rocked to the pagan tune of $72,500.

"There was the Edsel," muses the almost too worldly-wise critic Andrew Sarris, "and then . . . there was the Gatsby!"

Good ol' Jimmy Gatz, who probably made his mysterious fortune on violence and fraud after receiving an education in ruthlessness on the American frontier from Dan Cody, had always wanted to be respected—and loved. In F. Scott Fitzgerald's shimmering novel, he changed his name to Jay Gatsby and tried to live up to the expectations of his true love, Daisy. In Paramount's internationally publicized production, advertised as a Divine Romance and which opened in over 370 theaters across the country, Jimmy Gatz is once again the hapless victim, not a hero. The weapon was not a gun, which was used against Jimmy in the novel, but a lethal typically American weapon: the "hype."

Two years before *Gatsby* opened, Paramount prepared a publicity campaign designed to build suspense and create a mystique that the film was going to be something "very special." Studio president Frank Yablans, the youngish executive (38) who had successfully merged publicity and sales departments, was given credit for the shrewd marketing of *The Godfather* ($145 million) and *Love Story* ($84 million). *Gatsby*, he predicted, would earn about $70 million. It would be another "jewel" in the Paramount crown that he shared—sometimes uncomfortably—with Paramount's flashy and equally youngish (43) production chief, Robert Evans.

The first promotional push came from the fashion industry, then working on its 1973-74 season—baggy flannels with cuffs and stitched tennis sweaters. Almost miraculously, *Women's Wear Daily* came up with a label, The Gatsby Look, which slowly started the Gatsbyization of America. Today, white and pale pink Gatsby suits for men are selling for $340 at Bloomingdale's and Nieman Marcus. Companies that joined the supersell program were the Glemby Hair Salons ("After you've seen *The Great Gatsby*, get the cut"); Robert Bruce Sportswear for men; Ballantine's ("21" Brands Scotch), which chose to ignore the historical fact that Gatsby's parties took place during Prohibition; and E.I. Du Pont, which introduced "Classic White" Teflon cookware "in the tradition of *The Great Gatsby*." Commenting on the promotional tie-ins, valued at $6 million, Mrs. Frances Smith, the daughter of Fitzgerald, kept her tongue firmly in cheek. "I think Daddy would have loved being a Teflon pan more than anything else," she said, with a glazed smile.

The campaign—pots and pans aside—was a work of art. Not pop, but early 20th century modern. As Robert Evans said, "The making of the blockbuster is the newest art form of the 20th century." Except some studios had learned, bitterly, that blockbusters cannot be manufactured. Eight years ago 20th-Century Fox launched a staggering campaign for its Picture of the Year—an $18-million musical version of *Dr. Doolittle* starring Rex Harrison, in frock coat and top hat, as the gent who could talk to animals. The haggard Harrison, once known as Sexy Rexy, patted crocodiles, rode a giraffe and caressed a rhinoceros. Fox lined up about 300 items, with an estimated retail value of $200 million, for the promotion: Doolittle medicine kits, hats, dolls, shirts, magic slates, yo-yos, plastic toys and crunchy animal crackers. Despite a publicized premiere in which Sophie the Seal left her limousine wearing a diamond necklace and Gub-Gub the Pig wore a sequined harness, the good doctor had a stroke at the box office. Today, Fox executives speak softly of promotion, noting that it can only buy a couple of weeks' business; the rest is word-of-mouth.

Before *Gatsby* opened, Paramount tried to head off any early unfavorable word-of-mouth at the pass by skillfully organizing saturated bookings. To this end, the studio reportedly wooed $18.6 million from theater exhibitors, thereby making the film—which, unlike disasters of yore, came in at a reasonable $17 million—"flop-proof." *Gatsby* would open immediately at almost 400 theaters across the country a few days after the New York premiere; thousands would see this Divine Romance before any adverse lightning could strike. In New York, Paramount, expecting a Divine Crush, booked the film at five theaters, including one with $6 reserved tickets. But even during its first publicized week, seats were not hard to find anywhere. A spot check the first Sunday afternoon, following the premiere, showed no lines at box offices.

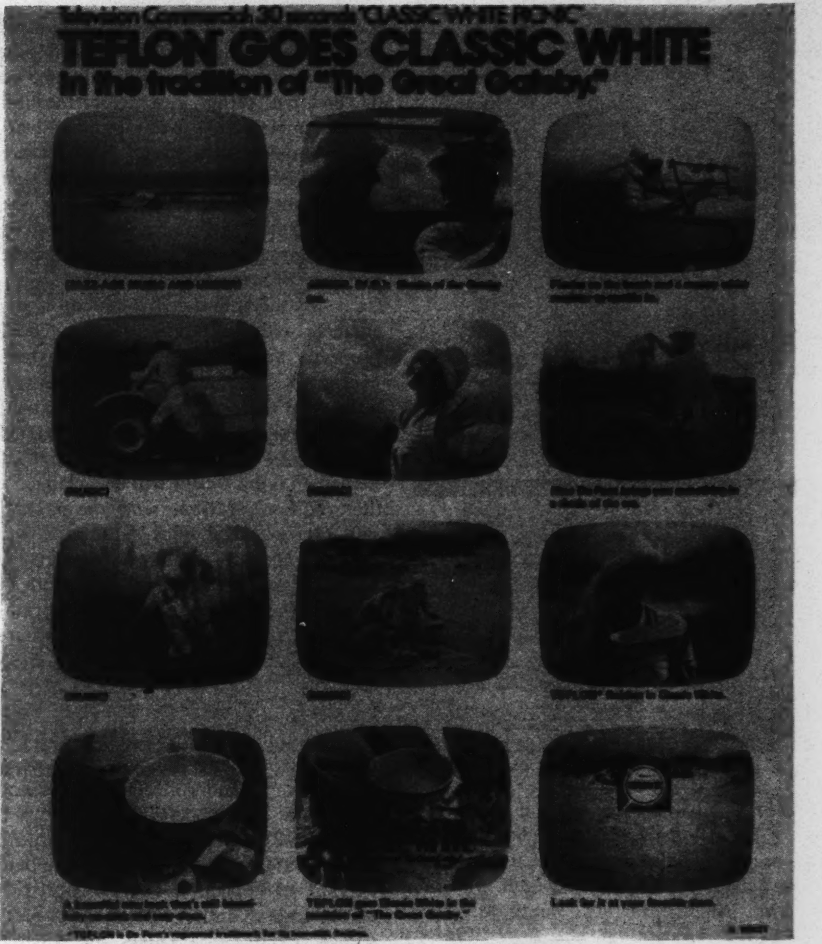
Now, two months after the opening, audiences in Chicago, Kansas City and Pittsburgh are spreading the word—and it obviously ain't so hot. "*Gatsby* is being sold as a romance and there's no romance," explains Andrew Sarris, who firmly believes it will be forgotten by summer. "Who can care about those characters? They're cold. It has nothing that hits audiences in the gut." Many critics stoned *Love Story*, but it made audiences bawl. *The Godfather* (with a demi-hype and better reviews than it deserved) offered shivers. So far, *Gatsby* does not appear to be manipulating emotions in America's heartland, where the blockbusters are made. "The kids familiar with Fitzgerald all went the first weeks," says Sarris. "My students [at Columbia] came back and reported, 'Yes, it *is* crap.' But remember, the supersell just wasn't Paramount's alone. The media joined in, too. The media made *Gatsby* news."

To say the least, everybody, including the most cynical of journalists, went for the bait. *Gatsby* received extensive preopening coverage from *Harper's Bazaar, Vogue, Women's Wear Daily*, all the New York and Long Island newspapers plus 50 other papers across the country, as well as cover stories in *Newsweek* and *Time*. A spy from *Time* saw the film at the exhibitors' convention in Los Angeles on March 6 and filed a grim report, but *Time* hyped the "hype" with a cover on the supersell. When the film was spanked by Jay Cocks in his official review, it was suggested that this somehow offset the embarrassment of a cover story. Again, the backlash theory. Jay Cocks, an astute critic, simply thought *Gatsby* stank. "All this talk about a backlash is ludicrous," adds Roger Greenspun. "Critics might be tempted to whip a movie only when the advertising is offensive—such as *Electra Glide in Blue*, which announced the debut of a great new director—whatshisname, nobody remembers anymore!"

The media's fascination with the project, "orchestrated" by Paramount whenever possible, goes back to the first production announcement. David Merrick had been hired as producer because the studio liked his classy stage productions and was aware of his friendship with Fitzgerald's daughter, who feared Hollywood's tendency to shred literary properties. Frances (Scottie) Smith trusted Merrick. She also received an estimated $325,000 for the film rights.

Ali MacGraw, the wife of production chief Robert Evans, was signed to play Daisy. When their marriage dissolved, the studio immediately capitalized on the search for a new Daisy. This delayed production almost a year. Merrick was displeased. "Evans dangled a part in front of Ali to try to get her back." The scandal, with Steve McQueen as The Other Man, delighted gossip columnists and their readers. Evans had tailored *Love Story* for Ali MacGraw. He had also found, in galley form, *The Godfather*. Out West, he was regarded as a creative *wunderkind*, which made president Frank Yablans, in New York, feel as if he were just some kind of salesman doing his shtick. Both executives vie for the attention of Charles Bluhdorn, president of Gulf & Western, which owns Paramount.

Steaming over delays while Evans chased after Ali, David Merrick allied himself with Frank Yablans. "It's the sort of thing Yablans would encourage to irritate Evans," says a former Paramount executive. *Gatsby*, initiated as a project for Ali MacGraw, was becoming the golden


Television Commercial: 30 seconds "CLASSIC WHITE PICNIC"
TEFLON GOES CLASSIC WHITE
In the tradition of "The Great Gatsby."

"I think Daddy would have loved being a Teflon pan more than anything else," said Scottie Smith.

boy of Merrick/Yablans while Evans wept over the loss of his wife. Yablans would not only market *Gatsby*, he would also be its "creative" father. Just before the film opened in New York, a Paramount advertising booklet, with scenes from future films, neglected to mention production chief Evans. The flyer, which ran in the Sunday New York *Times*, was approved by Yablans, who generously permitted the inclusion of his picture.

By the time *Gatsby* went before the cameras with Robert Redford, a "hot" property, and Mia Farrow (a Clayton-Merrick-Yablans choice), the American public had been reading for months about the Daisy search, which had been likened to finding a Scarlett O'Hara. Word images helped. "I think *Gatsby* will be a classic, in the tradition of *Gone with the Wind,"* said Merrick. And since Paramount was filming a novel by an almost mythological figure whose own story was an American tragedy, the media begged for information. Once Mia Farrow was cast, where would *Gatsby* be filmed? Fitzgerald's Gold Coast, on Long Island, was in decay. So the search went from Virginia to Grosse Pointe, Michigan. Finally, Newport, Rhode Island—the summer colony built by the Vanderbilts, Firestones and Astors—was selected. Gatsby's mansion would be Rosecliff, designed by Stanford White in 1902 and modeled after the Petit Trianon at Versailles. The Newport rich agreed to play butlers and maids in party scenes. Even Doris Duke, the tobacco heiress, snooped around the set.

"I think *Gatsby* will be a classic, in the tradition of *Gone with the Wind*," said producer David Merrick

At Newport socialites and movie stars and Fitzgerald's legend all merged together into a glamorous rhinestoned bait for the press. Yes, indeed, winked staffers to each other, this was a "very special" production.

Reporters, and a specially assigned still photographer, followed the movie from Newport to London, for interiors. "It was like being on parade every day," recalls Sam Waterston, who plays the narrator, Nick Carraway. "The press was always there." Remembering the interviews and requests for him to pose in Gatsby fashion layouts, Robert Redford snorted, "Promotional bullshit," and retreated in silence to his cabin in Utah where he's still tense about sequences chopped away from his role, leaving Gatsby a football jock from the University of Southern California who prowls his estate calling guests "old sport" and not much else. Redford feels betrayed by the director, Jack Clayton.

Generally, Paramount maintains smooth relations with directors; the film was Clayton's. A production source says that the first two people who saw his finished "cut" were Bluhdorn and Yablans, who flew to London in January. They were delighted. Robert Evans, who has a reputation for "tinkering" with the final cut, didn't see *Gatsby* until the exhibitors' convention on March 6. And the exhibitors, who shelled out $18.6 million in advanced bookings, loved the film, too. "The attitude was—*Gatsby* is perfect. Let 'er roll! And Bob Evans isn't going to take credit for this smash, too!" There was never any question about changing the New York premiere date three weeks later.

Ironically, if Evans really didn't see the film until early March, he might now be in a slightly stronger position with Charles Bluhdorn. Conceivably he could say, "Well, Charlie. . . we should have delayed the opening, trimmed the film, put in a new music track. . . we'd have gotten better reviews and probably made $70 million. . . but *I* never had the chance. . . ." David Merrick doesn't understand why the film had no out-of-town previews, why the editing was rushed, why it had to be shown to exhibitors on a particular date and why it was locked into

The Blockbusters vs. "Gatsby"

The chart below contrasts *The Great Gatsby's* box-office pace with that of the other two movies in Paramount's hoped-for "triple crown." The figures, as reported by Lee Beaupre in the May 22 *Variety*, survey the totals for 18 major American cities: New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Dayton, Detroit, Baltimore, Kansas City, Chicago, Boston, Denver, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Washington, Philadelphia, Toronto, Cleveland, St. Louis and Portland.

	"Gatsby"('74)	"Love Story"('70)	"Godfather"('72)
Total number of theaters	45	22	43
Seating capacity	37,638	26,223	57,490
First week	$1,196,000	$1,229,000	$2,794,000
Second week	$827,000	$1,055,000	$2,477,000
Third week	$675,000	$968,000	$2,388,000
Fourth week	$459,000	$931,000	$2,042,000
Fifth week	$385,000	$910,000	$1,835,000

SCORE AGAIN
20's
GATSBY'S

On TV, manifestations of the Gatsbyization of America.

its New York premiere. He agrees that it's too long. About six minutes were snipped from the funeral episode shortly after the opening.

The film's two major casualties are Clayton, who was directing his first project in seven years, and Mia Farrow. Some critics found her "oddly right" as Daisy, but, to most, she played the luscious little bitch as a vaporous Blanche duBois waiting for Gatsby to sweep her away on a streetcar named Desire. Clayton had pushed for Mia; it came as a heart-thumping shock when he discovered during the seventh week of shooting that his Daisy was pregnant. "What the hell are you going to do with a Daisy you can only shoot from two angles?" asks Bruce Dern, who played her amoral husband. "What if she has a miscarriage in the middle of the film? A worry like that can fuck a director in the head. It may have affected the whole picture." Mia Farrow was unperturbed by the fuss. "All it took to cover my pregnancy were a few extra frills on my gowns."

Clayton himself was an unusual choice as director. His previous films—*Sons and Lovers, The Innocents*—are dark, dour, slow; very un*Gatsby*. And nobody quite remembers any more who suggested him. The studio wanted a "literate" director—an adjective that always spells danger ahead when it comes from movie executives. "Literate" inevitably means British; presumably American directors are illiterates. Clayton freely juggled Francis Ford Coppola's script. "I wrote a mystery. . . but it was all removed, there was no mystery there," Coppola told a friend, feeling utterly lousy.

Because of its careful pre-selling to theaters, *Gatsby*, while no jewel for Paramount's "triple crown," is not a flop. It will certainly meet the $18.6 million advanced by exhibitors. Meantime, Gatsby images and phrases continue to streak across the country. The promotional tie-ins will probably last until later this month, when advertisers launch their fall campaigns. The poor reviews haven't hurt—or bothered—the companies. "We got all the benefits of the advance publicity, we're not worried," asserts an executive for "21" Brands, which invested $350,000 in its campaign. "The boys at Paramount have laid an egg," says critic Molly Haskell, "but I think it's going to make money—and *that's* depressing." The studio claims it has already grossed about $12 million. If *Gatsby* had opened quietly, it could have been a financial disaster.

Paramount fully intends to keep up a softer promotion through summer with Daisy/Gatsby look-alike contests in Midwestern department stores, and with The Gatsby Look in fashion, which, like it or not, is this summer's sporty style for beach and boats and terraced cocktail parties. But Paramount really wanted, really expected, an artistic success. This was a Quality Production. If somebody had to take "the fall," to borrow a Bogart expression from the '40s, if the movie needed a "patsy," couldn't it be Fitzgerald's own *Gatsby*? "Well, it's not his best book," apologized one loyal studio assistant. "It's really a thin story. . . not much character development. . . ." After all, even Vincent Canby in the *Times* had noted that the plot wasn't much bigger than a pea, so gang, why be defensive with mopey faces, keep on singin', "We're in the money." Aren't we?

Maybe. No one knows for sure yet. Some executives, who do know that the latest figures could turn the Waldorf's gold-plate service to brass, are painfully aware that a "blockbuster" cannot be manufactured like a wind-up doll that purrs, "Come up 'n see my hype sometime."

In the grey dawn of that morning after the gala opening, an assistant in Merrick's office sighed, "*We* didn't want all that. . . whoop-de-doo. We didn't even know about the opening night party. It was all Paramount's. My God, when I heard what they were spending, I nearly fainted. . . white roses *flown* in—"

Now all the white roses are dead. The champagne has gone flat. The music has stopped.

The party's over. ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM ANDERSON

MOVIES

Going nowhere in style

By Frank Rich

If your knees tend to jerk spastically at the slightest hint of youthful nihilism on a movie screen, then Bertrand Blier's first film, **Going Places,** may well leave your legs permanently out of joint. In these dog-days of our twentieth century, when irony is the better part of valor, you can bet that any film titled *Going Places* would have to be about going nowhere—and, sure enough, Blier's picture is true to this apocalyptic form. It's the easiest movie to hate since *Easy Rider* (which, by the way, I hated); for almost two hours the director's heroes—a pair of scruffy, post-20 vagabonds—roam aimlessly around the French countryside, whiling away the hours by stealing cars, terrorizing women, breaking into homes and verbally and/or physically abusing everyone who crosses their path. Yes, here are yet two more lost children of the Atomic Age who try to find themselves by driving down endless, blank highways—and the temptation is very great to say it's spinach and the hell with it. But even I am not above resisting temptation from time to time and, although I can see that there is every reason in the world to despise Blier's film, I must confess that in the end I gave myself up to it wholeheartedly. Along with Terrence Malick's *Badlands, Going Places* is one of the two directorial debuts worth shouting about so far this year.

What the filmmaker has done to redeem his familiar material—whose roots stem not only from Dennis Hopper's motorhorse opera but also from a number of Godard films, Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* and all their sundry imitators—is nothing less than to bludgeon it into an entrancing shape. It's because of the special nature of Blier's persuasive powers as an artist that we lose interest early on in how bourgeois values have driven Jean-Claude (Gerard Depardieu) and Pierrot (Patrick Dewaere) to their lives of petty crime and focus instead on the immense vitality with which their saga is dished out. *Going Places* (which is known in France as *Les Valseuses*) proves to be the work of a true visionary: Blier's striking, crazy-quilt pictorial style, along with his heady sense of pace, his ferocious wit and the vicious energy he elicits from his strangely winning cast, dwarfs the cant intellectual premise that is at his movie's core.

Perhaps nowhere does this triumph of moviemaking bravura over bankrupt genre attitudes become more apparent than in the way the director handles his settings. Nearly the entire picture unfolds in an industrialized and Americanized France—a relentlessly frigid landscape of artificial lighting, concrete housing developments, waste-spewing factories and drive-in bowling alleys—and while the director does lean on this environment to help explain his protagonists' alienated behavior, he stops short of condescending to its plastic squalor. The world in which the heroes travel is, above all else, plaintive and lonely—a far cry from the neon suburbia that some mindless American directors invoke in an attempt to curry favor with the elusive "youth market." Blier chooses to show us just how affecting ugliness can be; he brings us into his characters' domain instead of distancing us from it.

Scoundrels Depardieu (left) and Dewaere (right) with beauty-parlor chum Miou-Miou in Blier's *Going Places.*

Of course, like the films it superficially resembles, *Going Places* does not have much of a plot to link its different locales and dramatic anecdotes together. If there is a major sustaining thread, it is only the continuing relationship between the two young scoundrels and Marie-Ange (Miou-Miou), a blond, vacant-faced coquette of a beauty-parlor shampoo lady who spends most of the movie waiting with altogether spectacular patience to experience her first orgasm. The threesome's on-again, off-again affair operates on a sexist and at times even bestial level (as expressed by a number of very funny, usually erotic and always acrobatic love-making scenes), but the existential dynamic of their *ménage à trois* creates its own valid and gripping reality. "I'm not just a sex machine," says Marie-Ange one night in a rare show of self-protective spunk, thereby prompting her pals to shoot her in the leg and abandon her at the scene of a robbery. Just the same, it's only a matter of time before all three are back together in bed again, doing their own zany brand of the old in-out, in-out.

Jean-Claude and Pierrot meet quite a number of other women along their helter-skelter path—including a lonely mother on a train who consents to nurse them after having done likewise for her baby—but the movie's most stir-

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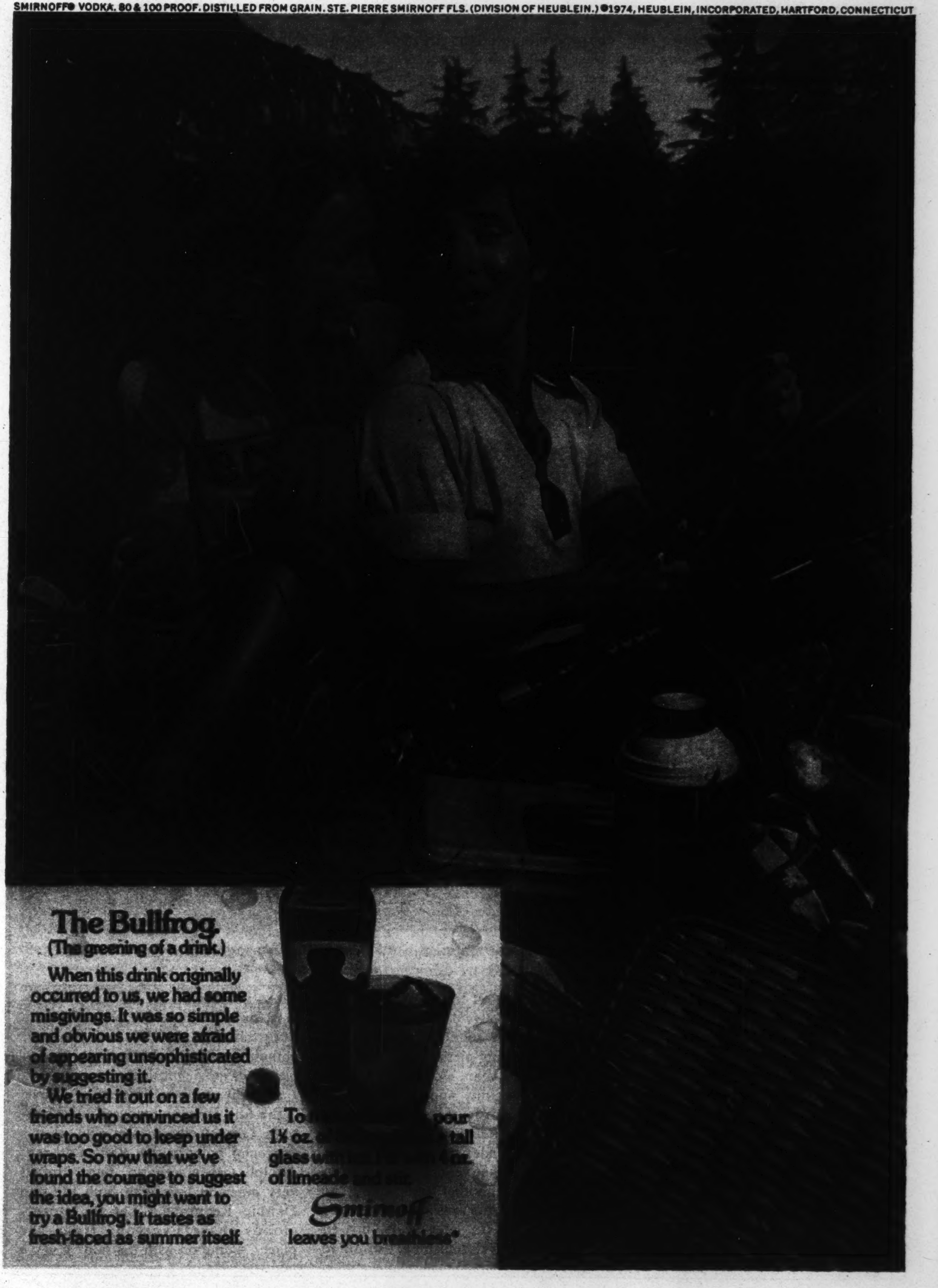

The Bullfrog.
(The greening of a drink.)

When this drink originally occurred to us, we had some misgivings. It was so simple and obvious we were afraid of appearing unsophisticated by suggesting it.

We tried it out on a few friends who convinced us it was too good to keep under wraps. So now that we've found the courage to suggest the idea, you might want to try a Bullfrog. It tastes as fresh-faced as summer itself.

To [illegible] pour 1½ oz. [illegible] tall glass with [illegible] 4 oz. of limeade and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless*

ring female apparition by far is Jeanne Moreau, who appears in a cameo role more than halfway into the picture and who is still, at middle age, an overwhelming figure of heightened sensuality and mystery. Anxious to find a sex-starved "old bag" who will welcome them with the ravenous hunger they crave, Jean-Claude and Pierrot pick Moreau up for kicks—only to come to care for her, since she is a refugee from prison who, like them, has "no place to go." They take her to an abandoned, wintry beach, where they walk among the shuttered, sea-scarred cabanas: three black and isolated figures adrift in the sand, acting out a warped latter-day postscript to *Jules and Jim*. Later they arrive at a deserted, glass-enclosed waterfront restaurant, where Moreau suddenly launches into a monologue, trying to communicate the pitch of her recent suffering to the establishment's surprised hostess. "I haven't menstruated in years," Moreau says, speaking in a conversational tone that is betrayed only by the flickering of her large, dark eyes. "What matters is bleeding, you understand?" At a hotel that night, she gives her philosophical maxim full force by taking a gun and shooting herself in the vagina.

Is such a suicide a cheap cliche? Yes, it is, if one wishes to consider the shooting as a psychological or dramatic denouement to the action that directly precedes it. But I would argue to the contrary: the gruesome event does pay off within the film, not because it makes you cry or sheds new light on the Moreau character (it doesn't), but because it explodes the movie's continuity and, like so many of the picture's developments, sends you hurtling further into this highly clarified world where the unthinkable is routine and just about anything can happen. Much in the manner of his heroes, Blier takes every splashy plunge that he can, and, whatever his drawbacks as a social thinker, he cannot be faulted as an imagist.

In this respect, *Going Places* doesn't tell me anything new about dehumanized Western society, but it jangles my nerves. It doesn't elucidate the specific forces that have shaped Jean-Claude and Pierrot's existence, but it turns me on by displaying the outrageous and often hilarious extremities of their behavior. When the two guys break into an empty, sterile home for shelter and get themselves off by sniffing some teenage girl's panties that they find there—and then make it through the night by indulging in a bit of homosexual horseplay—and then, later on, have a chance run-in with the girl whose underwear they had sniffed and have sex with her, too—the total effect is exhilarating in the truest sense of the word. As unlikely as it may seem, Blier affirms the possibilities, not to mention the sheer rush, of life—even as he works within the confines of an insane carnival of cruelty and death.

The first movie I ever saw in my life was *Singin' in the Rain* (1952), Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen's delirious musical satire about life, hard times and romance in Hollywood at that cathartic moment when sound was revolutionizing the moving-picture business. I was three or four years old when I lost my cinematic virginity and, at that tender age, apparently came to believe that *Singin' in the Rain* was the one and only movie ever made; rather than broaden my horizons that year, I trapped an indulgent grandmother into taking me back to that same musical another half-dozen times. (In later years, my enthusiasm never diminishing, I would return again and again—even without my grandmother.)

Gene Kelly—"happy again"—in a clip that appears blissfully intact in MGM's *That's Entertainment*.

Singin' in the Rain has been a major force in my life—I can't deny it. I am hopelessly chained to its spirit—stuck with an enduring fetish for musicals (on screen or stage) and an annoying (to others) tendency to sing both in the rain and in the shower. But while I could go on about *Singin' in the Rain* forever and then some, I'll restrict myself here to a mere mention of my favorite sequence in the film—indeed one of my favorite scenes in all of movies—a song-and-dance number that, I am happy to report, turns up near the end of **That's Entertainment**, MGM's new two-hour anthology of highlights from its 40-year parade of movie musicals.

The number I refer to, of course, is the title song, as rendered by a bubbling Gene Kelly—a man who, at this particular point in that Betty Comden-Adolph Green scenario, finds himself very much in love with both life and Debbie Reynolds. "Let the stormy clouds chase/Everyone from the place/ Come on with the rain/ I've a smile on my face," he sings as he darts in and about a nighttime street set, strumming his umbrella as though it were a guitar, spreading out his arms and smiling at the heavens, leaping into puddles with bracing abandon or placing his face under a drainpipe so that he might meet a torrent of clear water head-on. Thanks to Kelly's joyous choreography and nimble gait, his grainy hoofer's voice and the Donen camera movements that build in exuberance as the song climbs to its orgiastic heights, the sequence seems the apotheosis of the kind of footloose-and-fancy-free ecstasy on which Hollywood holds the patent.

Indeed I am tempted to say that I prefer these five minutes of celluloid to all the rest of *That's Entertainment* put together. Not that there aren't a lot of other memorable moments in the film—for there are, from Esther Williams' most surreal water ballets to Fred Astaire's wall-leaping strides in *Royal Wedding*—but the simple fact of the matter is that almost none of the other clips can sustain themselves as well as Kelly's self-contained miracle, once they are wrenched out of the context of the movies that they're from. Jack Haley Jr., who devised the whole project, doesn't help much either. The movie has no form or drive of its own; the order in which the clips appear might well have been determined by lot. As a direct result, *That's Entertainment* lacks the rhythm and flair of the special show-biz form to which it pays tribute.

Haley does provide an ersatz structure of sorts by trotting out some greats (Astaire, Kelly, Sinatra) and not-so-greats (Bing Crosby, Peter Lawford) to introduce the festivities against the backdrop of various burned-out studio lots—a tacky TV-special device that mainly serves to remind us of MGM's current, sorry straits. The gems amidst the collage can survive this treatment, but, while watching an endless number from *Showboat*, I quite naturally wished the holes could have been plugged with juicier goodies—like Garland crooning "The Man That Got Away" in Cukor's *A Star Is Born* (1954) or Astaire and Audrey Hepburn's breezy dance-reunion by a French chateau in the Donen-Richard Avedon *Funny Face* (1957). Of course these are the most subjective matters of personal taste and I'm not being fair anyway: in a world ruled by lawyers, only a fool could hope that MGM might be allowed access to clips from other studios. Still, it's the lesson of Gene Kelly's triumph that, when it comes to musicals, only the sky (if that) can be the limit. In *That's Entertainment* the boundaries of wonderment are too sharply defined by an industry's facts of life and Haley's uninspirational notions of merchandising.

The Black Windmill is an often fascinating struggle between one of America's best directors, Don Siegel, and a seemingly recalcitrant screenwriter, Leigh Vance, who has saddled him with a suspense melodrama that doesn't wash. Siegel—best known for such splendid action pictures as *Madigan, Dirty Harry* and last year's *Charley Varrick*—is resourceful beyond belief and sustains interest in the often routine goings-on far longer than he has any right to. By the final stretch, though, the movie deflates into a manic climax that, for all the energy of its presentation, just kind of sits there.

It's a rather sad waste, all things considered, for, despite its failure at the gut level, *The Black Windmill* still has a lot going for it—including a fortuitously timely kidnapping premise and some snappy performances by an enviable cast. Michael Caine, a screen personality I like more and more as the years drag on, is at the center of things, doing his up-from-the-proletariat bit as a British intelligence officer whose son is snatched up by John Vernon and Delphine Seyrig. (Seyrig is enchanting even when cast as a heavy.) Janet Suzman can't do anything with the thankless role of Caine's estranged wife ("I married a soldier and ended up with a spy," she wails bitterly at one point), but she does get to join the constantly growing ranks of actors who have vomited in recent movies. Perhaps the most fetching (if that's the word for it) performance in the picture belongs to Donald Pleasance, a character actor who can do no wrong, here cast as an anal-compulsive British security bigwig with a passion for shredding machines and greenhouse gardening. He's among the funniest nervous wrecks I've seen recently—outside of real life, that is.

Although Siegel is known for his use of nitty-gritty American locations, he turns out to have just as natural a feel for England and France, whose charm he delineates with the same kind of cheeky insouciance one tends to associate with Hitchcock films of the '30s and '40s. (The crucial windmill of the title has *Foreign Correspondent* written all over it.) I hope that Siegel will return to Europe one of these days; in the meantime, you could do far worse than to see what he is up to this time around, Vance's albatross around his neck notwithstanding.

I have never been much of a fan of director Jan Troell's work (*The Emigrants, The New Land*), but I never thought my minority point of view would be vindicated as spectacularly as it is by **Zandy's Bride,** his first made-in-America feature.

Once again this Swedish filmmaker manifests his preoccupation with the 19th-century American West, a subject about which his knowledge is at best superficial. His story concerns a brutish Big Sur, California, rancher (Gene Hackman) who sends for a mail-order bride from Minneapolis (Liv Ullmann), a civilized soul who soon starts crusading to reconstruct her mate's piggish personality. *Zandy's Bride* zeroes in on the couple's torturous relationship, but since neither of the characters is particularly sympathetic, and since Troell and screenwriter Marc Norman describe their conjugal conflict in generalized and largely humorless terms, who can care?

The director does have a talent for muscular, large-scale storytelling—a skill that accounts for the power of the westward-ho, traveling sequences of his two previous films. In this picture, which is primarily a character study, Troell doesn't play to that strength—despite the inclusion of a contrived soul-searching voyage to San Francisco for Hackman—and tends to fill up the screen instead with his now over-familiar tableaus of settlers toiling at their daily chores, whether in the lush outdoors or within dark cabins (which are usually illuminated by yellow shafts of light). What story there is becomes so garbled in the second half that even the most tolerant audience should be exasperated to the hilt.

Susan Tyrrell, Eileen Heckart and Frank Cady—good people all—appear in roles that seem to have been inspired respectively by Lupe Valez, Ma Kettle and Pa Kettle; I hope, but cannot say definitively, that these caricatures are meant as parody. As for Hackman, let's just say that this is not his finest hour (*The Conversation* is); Ullmann, in contrast, brings some flinty humor to her role—a pleasant relief from the unadulterated suffering that characterized her previous efforts for this director. She's not enough to save this film, however; now more than ever the time has come for Troell to reset his sights. His attempt to portray a marriage is as disconcerting as anything I've seen since blood-sex-and-guts director Russ Meyer took his misguided stab at courtroom drama a few years back with *The Seven Minutes*.

TV

You can't have a TV show if you don't have a job!

By Stuart Werbin

Television schedules (ABC, CBS and NBC's '74/'75 lineups, for example) are like companies (Exxon, Hughes Tool Corporation, Burger King Inc, the United States of America, for example) in that everybody who is employed by a TV schedule or a company has a job. Just like the big companies have to make sure that they have enough people to fill the jobs of salesmen, executives, engineers, security guards, legal counsels, carhops, fund-raisers and plumbers (for example), TV schedules have to make sure they have enough people to fill the jobs of private eyes, cops, farmers, doctors and junk dealers (for example). There is very little job security on a TV schedule. Each year (in fact, twice a year) the networks rearrange their employee rosters, deciding not only who should remain on in what jobs but also what jobs should be eliminated and what new jobs should be created to replace them.

In their '74/'75 fall lineups, ABC and NBC have each added a dozen new shows, and CBS, last year's ratings champ, has added seven. Again this season, cop is the most common job on all three TV schedules. This is why TV schedules are not like cities. People (especially mayoral candidates) are constantly complaining that there are not enough cops in cities. And the same people (especially Senator Pastore of Rhode Island) are constantly complaining that there are too many cops on television. ABC has rehired three cops, *The Rookies, The Streets of San Francisco* and *The Six Million Dollar Man*. They have also hired five new cops, three of which sound (phonetically) like CBS's top cop, *Kojack*. The new ABC cops are *Nakia* (Robert Forster as a Navaho cop working for Arthur Kennedy in New Mexico), *Kodiak* (Clint Walker as an Alaskan cop), *Get Christie Love* (Teresa Graves as a sexy, high-kicking cop), *Harry* (David Janssen as a private cop) and *Kolchak—The Night Stalker* (Darren McGavin as a journalist who chases ghosts and acts like a cop). CBS has rehired five cops (*Kojack, Mannix, Hawaii Five-O, Barnaby Jones* and *Cannon*) and has hired one new cop, *Manhunter* (Ken Howard as an ex-Marine private cop during the days of Bonnie and Clyde). NBC has rehired six cops—*Columbo, McCloud* and *McMillan and Wife*, who rotate shifts Sunday night on the (expanded) two-hour mystery movie, plus *Adam-12, Police Story* and *Ironside*—while hiring two new cops—*Rockford Files*, starring James Garner, and *Police Women*, starring Angie Dickinson. This seems like a lot of cops for a season whose trend is supposed to be back toward wholesome, Waltonish, family-oriented stories. We are told that more cops have been fired, including the entire FBI, than new ones hired.

Claude Akins and Frank Converse as truck drivers in NBC's *In Tandem*.

The TV job of variety show host, once considered essential to every TV lineup, is fast becoming a vanishing species. Only two, Carol Burnett and Sonny Bono (picked up on waivers by ABC as a solo), remain operative next fall. Although Ozzie Nelson is a rare exception from the past, TV schedules refuse to fill time with programs about people who don't have jobs. Nelson, by the way, recently claimed, on a segment of his syndicated program *Ozzie's Girls*, that throughout the run of his *Ozzie and Harriet* series he was practicing his profession, brain surgeon, but was too modest about it to practice during the program. Here are some of the new jobs that the networks have created for the coming season and some of the people they are employing to fill them.

FIREMAN: A serious dramatic program called *Firehouse* came on at midseason, employed a lot of firemen and failed miserably in the ratings. Next year ABC will have a half-hour situation comedy called *Fireman's Ball*. My friend Jodie says she'll miss *Firehouse* because it was her favorite show, but she's willing to try "a comedy about people burning."

TRUCK DRIVER: NBC recently previewed *In Tandem*, which introduced us to Claude Akins and Frank Converse, who team up to be "the last American wonders." Converse started his TV career as an amnesia victim on a short-lived program called *Coronet Blue*, in which he spent the entire series trying to find out who he was and what his job was. Later he was hired as a cop on *N.Y.P.D.* and did very well. On *In Tandem* he's a Harvard Law graduate who says, "I don't believe in absolutes." His partner, Akins, the old pro, says, "I believe money is an absolute, absolutely." Akins also says things like, "People only respect you for what you've got in your hands." To which Converse asks, "What about your head?" To which Akins answers, "You use that to figure out what to put in your hands."

The bond between them is the will to remain free. To be independents, gypsies, vagabonds, to take any haul for anybody who can afford to pay them, which is why they keep colliding with people who say, "We're one of the ten biggest conglomerates in the state. If we say you don't work, you don't work."

HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHER: This is a job that TV schedules have periodically been re-creating since Wally Cox played Mr. Peepers. Each new teacher had to be somewhat different from his predecessor. James Franciscus as *Mr. Novack* was young, dynamic and liberal. Lloyd Haynes on *Room 222* was young, dynamic, liberal and black. On NBC's new *Lucas Tanner*, David Hartman (formerly a doctor on *The Doctors*) is young, dynamic, liberal and a former sportswriter who once pitched big league ball. The principal is a woman who supports him but encourages him to wear ties, and the department head is a traditionalist who attacks him with insults like, "You're not a college professor who can do anything he wants and call it education."

HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENT: The flash success of ABC's *Happy Days* has prompted CBS to try a serious hour based on somebody's high-school yearbook. It's called *Senior Year*. Kurt Vonnegut Jr. once said that it is only when we are in college that we have any ideas of a mysterious world waiting out there for us. Once out of college we realize that real life in the world is no different than going to high school. The preview for *Senior Year* went a long way toward inadvertently proving that point.

SPACEMAN: CBS serializes *Planet of the Apes*.

CON MAN: ABC serializes *Paper Moon*.

INSURANCE MAN: Nobody really wants to see a program about an insurance salesman. NBC understands this. They know that the only previous shows that employed insurance salesmen were *Father Knows Best*, in which Robert Young was seen going to and coming home from his insurance salesman's office, and a western called *Man From Blackhawk*, which was really about an insurance investigator, which is the same as being a cop. However, NBC has a program called *Second Start* about an insurance salesman (Bob Crane) who realizes that selling insurance is not an interesting job to have on a television program, so he decides to go to medical school to become a doctor.

Other jobs to be filled in the fall include MUSICIAN—Paul Sand plays a classical one on *The Paul Sand Show*—and *Sunshine*, about a hip one with a daughter; GARAGE OWNER, in which Jack Albertson plays "the man" on *Chico and the Man*, which NBC will have following *Sanford and Son*; and finally the ultimate job: RETIREMENT, CBS's *The Love Nest*, a situation comedy starring Charles Lane and Florida Fribus as a couple in their 70s (ha-ha) living it out on social security (ha-ha) in St. Petersburg, Fla. (ha-ha).

BOOKS

Breaking up with Lenny

By Geoffrey Wolff

Ladies and Gentlemen—LENNY BRUCE!! *by Albert Goldman, from the journalism of Lawrence Schiller.* Random House (565 pp., $10).

The man used to say *there's nothing sadder than a middle-aged hipster.* Lenny Bruce was 40 when he died, fell face forward off the toilet with a spike in his arm, wiped out by a killer blast of heroin, the stuff they call shit. It wasn't his first overdose; he made his way by excess and waste. Albert Goldman gets to the nut of the guy: "Can you imagine Lenny taking *one* of anything?" Bruce had cranked himself up to such an extreme speed that he vaulted right past middle age, from childhood to ruination, pop.

Goldman, by freeze-action and replay, keeps his man in sight all the way. This is what biography should be and hardly ever is: a refleshment, a reconstruction, a renewal, a second coming. Goldman is a teacher and critic, a literate man who has been bringing the news about fringe cultures for a long time. On form he seemed just the writer to pull together the odds and ends that made up Lenny Bruce's act from the '50s and '60s till his death in 1966 in Los Angeles. Jazz, smack, wise-ass, burlyque, cultural history, law are a few of the things Goldman has studied and absorbed on behalf of this book. At about 350,000 words, his biography is too long: it will erase half a week of your life, but it's worth it. Goldman has wormed his way into Lenny Bruce's hide. Not by pulling off a cheap show-biz impression, not by bogus hunches or unmerited self-projections, but by labor and investigation presented with an illusion of effortlessness. (The data comes primarily from Lawrence Schiller's interviews and posthumous diggings.)

The vultures have been picking over Lenny Bruce's bones from almost the hour of his death—so what else is new, Jim?—and it requires patience to piece back together a recognizable character from the mythy mess they've made

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of this waste. Bruce himself felt compelled to blow the whistle on fakers and prigs, To Tell The Truth Whatever The Cost, but he was also a bullshitter. Goldman calls him "the King of Lies." He had a habit that cost $1,200 per week, and he could spend as much as $350 in a single night on horse, but he denied to the end that he was hooked, and denied, with righteous fury, that he used heroin. His obsession with the law's injustice bent him from a quick, cool, funny man—sharp, but cute—into a courthouse bore, a self-appointed expert on legal niceties who blew thousands on law books, private eyes, photocopies of trial decisions. Yet he was a criminal. Nothing serious, mind you: boosting, hustling, narcotics violations. But to understand Bruce's place, where Goldman at least locates it, you must perceive him as an outlaw. Not merely a nay-sayer and Outsider: a criminal. And there is a world of difference between an outlaw and a martyr. Martyrs are a pain in the ass. Bruce was slippery and funny, good at disguises, maybe a genius.

But not the kind of genius the grave bone-pickers tried to make of him. At his countless obscenity trials experts would vouch for his value. On petitions right-minded people would call him society's physic and enter him in the satyr's infield: from Rabelais to Swift to Twain to Bruce. (Many of them, happy enough to praise him, had never seen his act.) Their inflation of him gave Bruce the creeps, but he was not immune from regarding himself as a philosopher rather than a comic scourge. Just as he invented an unhappy childhood for himself to escape the shame of a decent and elegant father (a podiatrist!) who spoiled him rotten.

His peculiar manner and attitude came from two primary sources: the silver age of bop and urban Jewish-American humor. The jazz manner of the '50s, as Goldman shows, was at the antipodes from the Beat style. If the Beats were raw and spontaneous, moving to the time of wind and tide, jazz musicians were wised-up, calculating, hierarchical, exclusive. They also did drugs. From them Bruce learned a vocabulary and a manner, supercool, precise and black. His hot licks he learned from show-biz funnymen who hung around Hanson's luncheonette doing shtick, spritzing one another in the manner Don Rickles has turned into an industry. From them also, beginning in the late '40s, Bruce picked up the Yiddishisms that became his signature, the polyglot vulgarisms his middle-class father had deprived him of when he was a child.

With stripper-wife Honey: *what if?*

In a brilliant chapter that develops a theory of humor and tells the story of sick humor, Goldman makes a portrait of the great influence on Bruce's attitude and style, Joe Ancis, "the funniest man in America," simply that. Ancis only performed in public once, and he hated it. He wasn't interested in an act; he liked to play, to improvise, to break up other comics. "The Marquis de Spritz" Goldman calls him, the guy so cruel he'll make you laugh till you die. His humor was based on the question *what if?*

What if provoked Bruce's peculiar angle, his bent vision. *What if* let it all hang out. *What if* led him, thank God, too far. Going too far, from the night he came on stage naked at a strip joint to show the strokers what was what, that was Bruce's game. His *what ifs* undermined all things seemingly settled, systems of law and piety, restraints. "What if all the great people of this world—heroes of legend, leaders of nations, powers, potentates, principalities, the mighty God Himself—are simply the sort of crude cynical shyster businessmen and degenerate hustlers that you find on Broadway . . . or out on the road pushing baby pictures, Swiss watches and fancy leatherette Bibles?"

Don't mistake the purpose of the question. Bruce's pious friends, better only by a bit than his pious enemies, would purse their lips to hear confirmed their suspicions that God is a huckster. *How tragic!* The confirmation broke Lenny Bruce up. Funny? It killed him.

MUSIC

Kinky as ever

By Janet Maslin

The Kinks spent two nights in Boston last month, on the first of which a small party was held in their honor. The setting was an historic one, being the same Holiday Inn from which the band had been evicted on a previous tour, when they beat a helpless television set to smithereens. This time the festivities were relatively subdued; the band mostly hovered around the beer supply looking unapproachable and tired. Only Ray Davies, the group's lead singer and mastermind, made himself vaguely available to the fans. Carefully dressed, charming, polite in the extreme, he sat quietly in a corner listening to everyone's Kink-related queries, occasionally providing a monosyllabic reply. His mood seemed shy but serious, in marked contrast to that of everyone else in the room (the beer supply was dwindling). Finally, having discreetly refused offers of fast women and demon booze, he turned in for the evening at 10:30 or so, a paragon of good manners to the very end.

The next night the Kinks gave a concert, and if the lead singer bore a certain physical resemblance to reticent Ray it must have been pure coincidence. This lead singer sashayed onto the stage in a blinding print dressing gown. He then bumped, ground, swished, drank prodigiously and repeatedly eyed the audience in a manner that can only be described as lewd. Sometimes he sang, too, only not so much that you'd notice; during and between numbers he would leap wildly around the stage, stopping

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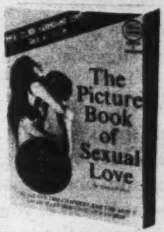

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once to kiss his brother Dave, the lead guitarist (several years earlier, also in Boston, a less congenial Ray saw fit to smack Dave in the forehead with a cymbal during a show). Another time he stopped singing to proclaim that his was the best ass in the house. That contention met with a particularly thunderous ovation from the fans, whose admiration seemed boundless.

The other Ray, the shy one, was reached by telephone several weeks later for comment on these Jekyll/Hyde aspects of his behavior. "Hm," said Ray. "I know. I can't work that out. I feel like the same person, but obviously I don't look that way." He noted that even when he was not in the throes of performing, the same problem tended to arise. "If I try to be calm all the time, something happens. I fall over a chair or something." When asked if either persona, Dr. Ray or Mr. Davies, felt like the more natural of the two, he replied, "Yeah. I don't know which one, though.

"But obviously one of them's got to be a lie, right?" he suggested, either slyly or ingenuously or both. I said no, I didn't think so. "No? They still can be the same person? Well, that's good." Ray concluded the conversation by suggesting that "if you use your observations and try to describe what I'm like, you'll have the difference between Flash and Mr. Black."

Those are the rival demagogues of *Preservation,* a lengthy Kinks opus that has only just been released in its entirety (*Act 1* was a single album issued last winter; the new *Act 2* is a two-record set). Flash is the more spectacular of the two, a hustler who rises out of nowhere to take his country by storm (actually, Flash starts his career as a used-car salesman, so the transition into politics is a fairly natural one). But once in power Flash turns decadent, surrounding himself with "floosies" (Ray's spelling) and fellow hucksters. Meanwhile, Mr. Black and his band of do-gooders engineer their own rise to power by denouncing Flash and appealing to the public's puritanism. In the end Flash is brainwashed and ousted and the people are duped, as they eagerly sing Mr. Black's new national anthem. "So the people have gone from one monster to another one," as Ray explains it. "I think it's true in many ways."

If that were all there were to *Preservation* it would hardly require three records' worth of exposition, and the Kinks would hardly be the Kinks. But Davies' traditional cynicism and paranoia play a far more integral role in *Preservation* than his politics do: rather than dwell upon the political implications of the piece, or its parable aspect, he prefers to erode the moral differences between his characters by pointing out uncomfortable similarities between them. And only then, when he's discredited them all, can Davies begin to reveal his own sympathies. Flash is a degenerate, a lush and a show-off, hence the most likable figure in the piece; it's Black who is the real totalitarian, and a bore as well. The Tramp, an agreeably lazy bystander to *Act 1,* falls so heavily in with the do-gooders of *Act 2* that his romanticism begins to take on namby-pamby overtones. (Davies wrote the second half after the first had been completed, feeling that a three-record set would be commercially unwieldy, and so there's a certain amount of inconsistency between one act and the other.) Belle, listed on the lyric sheet as "Flash's Special Floosie," abandons him in his time of need, so she can't be much good either.

Ray Davies: sometimes he sang, too.

Ray is writing a dialogue scene between Belle and Flash at the end of *Act 2* in which "she tells him he's out of date, which he is. Which is nice, in a way. But changes are being made and he has to go—apart from being a crook, ha-ha."

Ray is writing a number of dialogue scenes at the moment, since he plans to work *Preservation* into a stage show and bring it through America in the fall. The band has been proliferating wildly in preparation—where there were four Kinks for so many years, there are now ten—and extra horn players will have to be brought in, too, as well as singer-actors to play the various parts. As for what Ray's dramatic contribution will be, he says that "I don't really want to play more than one part, but if it's possible I'll play a couple." He will definitely be playing Flash, and a wonderful cover graphic on *Act 2* shows him warming up for the role: in a dressing gown, cowboy hat, bow tie and greenish greasepaint, he smiles benignly down on a surrealistic wasteland from the vantage point of a tattered neon billboard. All he needs to really do Flash properly, he says, are a few more of those eye-catching dressing gowns.

Kinks kultists are an odd koterie (first sign of a true believer: it begins to affect your spelling), and many of them tend to be a bit scornful of the group's most recent work, citing a Golden Age from between 1966 ("Sunny Afternoon") and 1968 ("Waterloo Sunset"). A brief later heyday came with *Arthur* and "Lola"—and it should be noted that, since the group that introduced genteel transvestitism to the AM airwaves has just issued a single version of Flash's statement of principle, "Money Talks" ("There's no one alive who can't be purchased or enticed/There's no man alive who wouldn't sell for a price"), they certainly haven't lost their nerve. In fact, I don't think they've lost anything at all.

Ray Davies' basic attitudes haven't changed much since the early days; what varies is the way he approaches them. The tight, mincing vocals of his "Lola" period have been giving way to a more raucous, flamboyant style lately, but his best material has remained quite personal, almost painfully so (like "Holiday" or "Here Comes Yet Another Day"). What *Preservation* does is provide him with a chance to let loose through outright fictionalizing, escape the pain of his experience through the black humor of his nightmares. And never let it be said that Davies shapes his fiction on anything less than the grand scale—however wittily he handles the fine points, this is his most profoundly pessimistic work to date, and an apocalyptic one, too. Davies is far too cynical to imagine that the world just *ends*—that, as Flash's possible prototype might say, would be the easy way out. In *Preservation*'s scheme of things, what's bad just keeps on repeating. In the Kinks' scheme of things, what's good seems able to stay that way indefinitely.

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A sleepless life devoted entirely to art

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Gary Giddins

One wonders if the earth didn't tremble a bit at the moment of his passing. He was of that monumental breed of men whose influence supersedes the boundaries of his art to inhabit every aspect of the culture. Duke Ellington is part of the air we breathe. He was the most original and pervasive force in American music and a good argument could be made for his preeminence among the composers of this century. If the academics in this country still regard him as a jazzman (read: a minor talent), you might remember that 50 years after Melville and Hawthorne, our "intellectuals" were still waiting around for the Great American Novel to materialize.

Typically, the record companies cavalierly released (and withdrew) his music under the jazz rubric, but when he appeared with a symphony he was accorded the masterwork treatment. Nothing dazzles the Philistines more than waving a symphony at them. Yet Ellington's greatest achievement was his perfection of that twentieth-century ensemble, the (usually) 15-piece "dance" band: four trumpets, three trombones, five reeds and three rhythm. To that simple lineup he brought concepts, techniques and subtleties undreamed of by his predecessors, including the Gershwin/Grofe/Whiteman trinity, and unequaled by his followers, including Stravinsky, whose "Ebony Concerto" was composed for such an ensemble.

Ellington was a purist. He was a black man, proud of his heritage and his people. When he listened to the "classics" at all it was usually the French impressionists and turn-of-the-century melodists. Whatever misgivings the critics had, Ellington was never in doubt as to his own worth. Eclecticism and indecision were not among his characteristics. What he did borrow he borrowed from his own tradition. As a result, his music was indigenous and unique, evolving out of itself over half a century, cocoon to butterfly.

He eloquently and constantly satirized the modern obsession with categories. He defined jazz as "based on the sound of our native heritage. It is an American idiom with African roots—a trunk of soul with limbs reaching in every direction, to the frigid North, the exotic East, the miserable swampy South and the swinging Wild West." By nature and circumstance, he was an ironist. But he was not argumentative. His public persona was elegant, charming, witty, evasive. He would play almost any role, accede to any musical task to ensure keeping his band, his instrument, together. And it cost him plenty. Few public men have been more guarded and less understood than Duke Ellington. He must often have been a lonely man in a bustling crowd.

Duke Ellington

He was a composer, arranger, pianist, bandleader, raconteur, librettist, poet and painter. He was at home in regal surroundings. "For example," he wrote, "when I went to see President Truman, he dismissed his bodyguard, closed the door of his private study and invited me to sit down and talk as one piano player to another!" He celebrated his seventieth birthday at the White House. When Nixon asked why he greeted each of the guests with four kisses, Ellington replied, "One for each cheek, Mr. President."

Yet he wasn't much interested in money or acclaim, except that they enabled him to keep the band so that he could hear every day the music he wrote every night. Few of Ellington's admirers grasp the enormity of his accomplishment—close to a thousand works ranging from the "Soda Fountain Rag," composed when he was 14, to such modern classics as "The Mooche," "Black and Tan Fantasy," "Sophisticated Lady," "Concerto for Cootie," "Daybreak Express," "Koko," "Black, Brown and Beige," "Harlem," "Such Sweet Thunder," "The Far East Suite" and the *Sacred Concerts*.

His influence on succeeding generations of musicians is incalculable. When Thelonious Monk was 12, he was fascinated by "Ducky Wucky," particularly the phrase Lawrence Brown plays in the seventh and eighth bars of his solo. Two decades later that phrase was expanded into one of Monk's own masterpieces, "Rhythm-a-ning." One of the biggest R&B hits of the late '50s, "Night Train," was actually stolen from the 1947 "Happy Go Lucky Local."

Among the surest signs of Ellington's uniqueness was the confidence with which he (and his collaborator Billy Strayhorn) would adapt pop tunes to the world of Ellingtonia, often with wry results. The pallid "I Want to Hold Your Hand," for example, became mock-erotic when he applied the growling trumpets of his "jungle style." "The Waltz You Saved For Me" became an excoriating swinger.

When he was refused a recommended Pulitzer Prize in 1965, Duke's widely quoted response was, "Fate is being kind to me. Fate doesn't want me to be too famous too young." The recipient of some 200 other awards, he was content to let posterity decide the value of his sleepless life devoted entirely to the pursuit of art. Posterity will have its hands full measuring the achievement of Edward Kennedy Ellington. Duke. ●

I love to sing. And I love to drink Scotch. Most people would rather hear me drink Scotch.

BY GEORGE BURNS

WHEN THEY ASKED ME to write this article, they said to be sure and mention Teacher's Scotch, but not to drag it in, make it sound natural. Well, I just mentioned it, and that sounded natural. It sounded so natural I'll mention it again—Teacher's Scotch.

I'm a great writer. If I had a beard, I'd be another Hemingway.

They told me they wanted a fresh approach. Well, to write fresh you have to think fresh, and to think fresh you have to be fresh. I haven't been fresh January 20th will be 31 years. I'm not going to tell you my age, but I've reached that point in life where I catch cold if I smoke a cigar without a holder on it.

But don't worry, I'll never give up singing. In fact, I started singing the day I was born. I remember the doctor kept slapping me, but I wouldn't stop until I finished two choruses of "Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie". And when I started the verse to "Honeysuckle Rose", he put me in the incubator and turned off the heat. It's a good thing I was smoking a cigar or I'd have froze to death.

I never did like that doctor. He wouldn't put Teacher's Scotch in my bottle.—See how naturally I mentioned that without dragging it in. I'm a great writer even without a beard.

But I've found out that a little drink now and then helps my singing. It loosens my vocal chords. Sometimes my vocal chords get so loose that whenever I hit a low note I step on them. And when I step on them, I hit a high note. I lead a very nervous life. In the morning I get up a baritone, and when I go to bed I'm a soprano.

As you're reading this some of it may be funny, and then again some of it won't. So just read the funny stuff and skip the rest of it. But if the rest of it turns out to be the funny stuff, and the funny stuff turns out to be the rest of it, if I were you, I'd skip the funny stuff, too.

That last paragraph has so much rhythm you could almost dance to it. Well, I'll have another little sip of Teacher's Scotch, then back to the old typewriter.—How about that?—another natural mention.

Now that I've started writing, it makes me mad after all these years to discover that something I've never done is what I do best. There may be hundreds of things I've never done that I'm great at. Tomorrow I'll take a crack at painting. I'll get a brush and some paint, and lie on my back and paint my bathroom ceiling.

And if that works out, I'll paint the Mona Lisa. But in my version she'll have a reason to smile, because I'll have her holding a glass of Teacher's Scotch in her hand.—Another natural mention—and in oil, yet.

I find that writing is just like singing. But it's kind of hard to end an article with a yodeling finish. But you've got to have an ending, so here goes; I'm going to make this ending so subtle that you won't even notice I'm being natural.

Two men were standing at a bar. One was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his left hand, and the other was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his right hand. So I said to the one who was drinking Teacher's with his left hand, "Why do you drink Teacher's with your left hand?" He said, "I always drink Teacher's with my left hand."

Then I said to the fellow who was drinking Teacher's with his right hand, "Why do you drink Teacher's with your right hand?" He said, "Because if I didn't drink Teacher's with my right hand, you'd keep mistaking me for that fellow who drinks Teacher's with his left hand."

Well, that's the article, and I'm glad I wrote it. It's opened a whole new career for me. It turns out I write as good as I sing.

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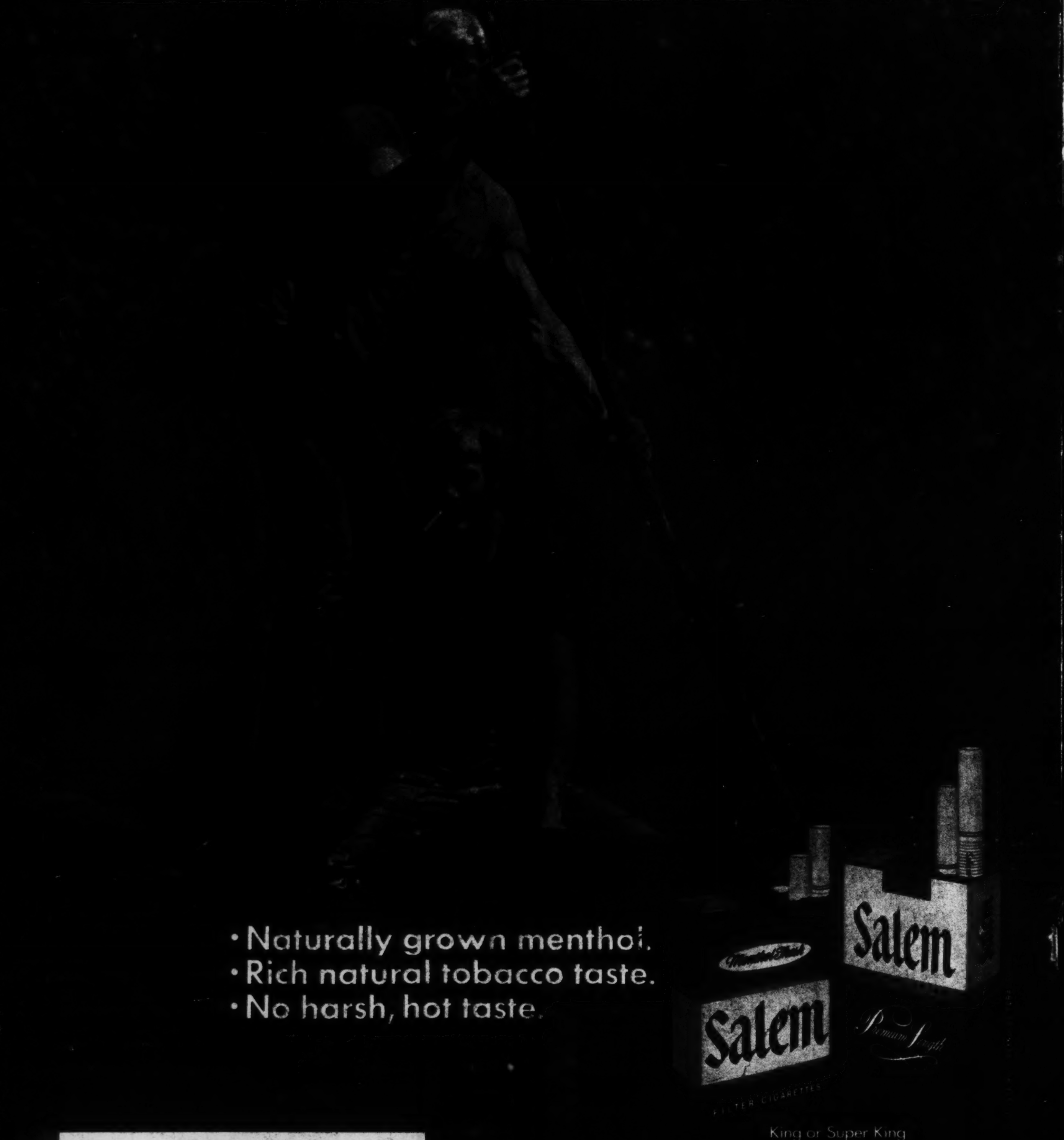
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